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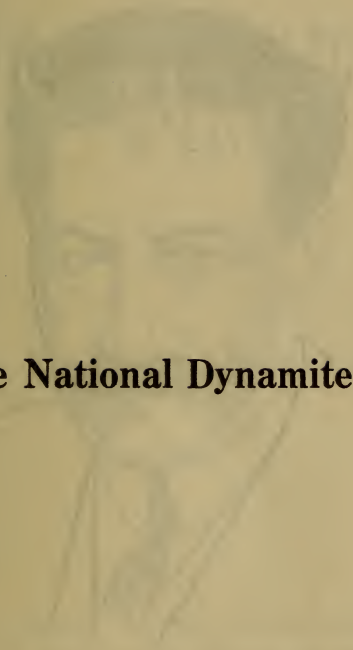

The National Dynamite Plot

William J. Burns

The man who secured the evidence to corroborate my confession

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The National Dynamite Plot

BY ORTIE E. McMANIGAL

Being the authentic account of the attempts of Union Labor to destroy the Structural Iron Industry

THE NEALE COMPANY
Los Angeles Cal.

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FOREWORD

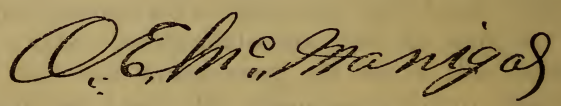
It is with a feeling of hope that I send this book into the world. The book is written with a purpose. My life has been blighted by the shadow of the vicious labor union boss. I have spent two years of my existence in jail and I am not at liberty now. I spent four years of my life destroying property at the behest of the leaders of labor, so-called. Thus six years of my life are accounted for. And it was only a matter of eleven years ago that I joined a labor union. Only one conclusion is possible. Were it to do over again, in the light of my present knowledge, I would die rather than join a labor union, as labor unions are for the most part at present conducted. And I earnestly advise young men earning their living by their labor to study well the effect of unionism upon me before giving their allegiance to any organization which has for its object those things for which most present-day unions actually stand, (whatever their pleas), that is to say, violence, disorder, criminality and destruction of life and property.

There can be but one result to the nation from the unions as the most of them are administered today: Either the unions will wreck the government and lead directly to anarchy, or the government will wreck the unions, and in the disorder that will ensue on the one hand or the stern repressive measures which must be adopted on the other, the rights of the individual may be crushed along with the

individual. Unionism properly organized and conducted, will result in great good to the nation, to the laborer and to the employer, but wrongly conducted, as my experience teaches me to believe, an overwhelming majority of labor unions are at present, it will destroy everything it touches precisely as fire destroys paper.

I have no quarrel with any labor leader. The law has written "finis" to the activities of those with whom I was associated in a plot to destroy, and the law is supreme. But it has left me an industrial wreck upon the shores of human endeavor, and to me will be led scores of others to share my lot if the policies of destruction and the power of the labor bosses is allowed by the laboring men to go unchecked. It is not enough that the labor bosses shall obey the law; members of the unions must make the bosses work for the union and not for themselves. If you are not willing to do your best to see that they do this, and to see that your fellow members also do their best to secure the same end, then in the name of God, don't join a labor union.

This is the only edition of this work authorized by me.



Los Angeles County Jail,
Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 25, 1913.

The National Dynamite Plot

I am not yet 39 years old. I was born at Bloomville, Ohio, and when I was four years of age my mother died. I have a sister two years my junior. We were reared, chiefly, by my mother's father. He was a blacksmith.

I left school in 1883, when I was ten years of age. Two years later I went to work in a stone quarry and for the next seven years I followed this work at Bloomville, being employed by E. H. France & Sons, and Kohler & Geiger.

While engaged at this work I learned the use of dynamite, an accidental training, which resulted years later in my selection by persons of whom I had had no previous knowledge, as an instrument of destruction and to light a fire of class hatred which, had it been allowed to run its course, would have resulted in disasters greater than I care to contemplate.

When I was nineteen years old I went to Tiffin, Ohio, where my father had a stone quarry, and there worked for him. Later he closed the quarry and embarked in the ice business. For some time I drove a delivery wagon for him and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war I enlisted in Company "E", Second Ohio Volunteers, and served eleven months, being mustered out at Macon, Ga., without having seen active service. I have an honorable discharge.

After the war I went to Milwaukee, where I lived with my uncle, George Behm, my mother's brother. He was a locomotive engineer, employed by the C. M. & St. P. It

was he who called upon me at the Los Angeles county jail and tried so hard to have me repudiate my confession of guilt in the dynamite cases, though he knew that I was guilty. Had I done so, nothing but ill could have come of it for me as well as for my family.

Upon my arrival in Milwaukee I secured work in a stone quarry, but some time later went to the Allis Chalmers shops in West Allis, a suburb of Milwaukee, where the firm of Writer & Connelly were erecting steel work. This was my first experience in this kind of work.

I was running a hoisting engine on this job which was an open one. There were many union men working, and agitation to organize the job was strong. In the spring of 1902 I joined the hoisting engineers' union. The agitation for a closed shop was finally successful and in October the job was organized. This was my first acquaintance with union methods. They did not impress me greatly, but I joined, and paid my dues. It would have been inconvenient, and probably dangerous, to say the least, to do otherwise.

From West Allis I went with the same company back to Milwaukee to erect a plant for the gas company. While employed on this job I became a member of the Bridge & Structural Iron Workers' union, joining Local No. 8, Milwaukee, and being given card No. 5063. I now had two union cards and, as it will be shown, this fact was another serious accident in my life, for it lead indirectly to the dynamite plot.

After leaving Milwaukee I went to Chicago and there I married with Miss Emma Swantz. The wedding took place at Melrose Park, May 8, 1901. Of this union there are two children, a girl now aged nine years, and a boy who will soon be seven years of age.

It will be seen from the foregoing that during the years prior to the dynamite plot, which resulted in paralyzing every big construction plant in the country, frightening the little ones into unionizing their work and causing the deaths of over a score of men, I was a normal American citizen. I married young. I became a good workman and was never long without employment. I was sober and industrious and when later H. C. Hockin, international organizer of the B. & S. I. W., and J. J. McNamara, international secretary of the same organization, put about my neck the rope that was ultimately to ensnare us all, my wife stood loyally by me, discountenancing the crimes but shielding me because I was her husband and the father of her children. This she did until we were caught. Then, thanks to the machinations of the union officials, she turned against me and joined my uncle, George Behm, in unsuccessfully "third degreeing" me in the Los Angeles county jail. I wish to say here that this was the only ill treatment I have received since my arrest. To no one else do I owe a harsh word.

An ironworker's job is uncertain in point of duration. When the job upon which he is employed by the contractor is finished he must seek new work. Therefore it is frequently necessary for a man in my trade to travel from city to city seeking work. Such was my experience until I returned to Chicago in May, 1905.

In Chicago I experienced a phase of unionism which I disliked. Heretofore union methods had meant little to me. I had seen the officers work for the union, as they expressed it. Frequently their "work" was brutal. They bullied men into joining the union and those who would not were almost certain to find themselves in frequent fist fights in which

the odds were against them to such extent that they had no chance to escape a beating.

Now, however, I was to encounter the real thing in unionism—the union boss who sets his power above that of the government, his personal desire above the rights of the men he is directing, and his pique above justice. I witnessed a piece of work by F. M. Ryan, president of the I. A. of B. & S. I. W., recently convicted of complicity in the dynamite plot and who is now out on bail pending appeal. There will be many appearances of Mr. Ryan in these pages.

Shortly after my arrival in Chicago I found myself out of work and applied to Oscar Daniels & Company for work as a bridgman or hoisting engineer, having cards in both organizations. I left my address care of William O'Brien, care Bridgmen's Hall, Chicago, and got a call from Daniels to go to South Bend, Ind., as a hoisting engineer. When I was told this by O'Brien I learned that Ryan, then business agent of the Chicago local, wanted to see me.

I entered Ryan's office and he asked to see my bridgman's card. I gave it to him and he found it correct, with dues paid in advance.

"You carry an engineer's card also?" he said.

I told him that I did, out of the Milwaukee local. He became angry and shouted that I should not have the job at South Bend.

"You can't hold two cards," he declared. "The engineers are protesting against bridgmen running engines, and I'm going to stop it. You'll have to give up one card or the other."

Here was the heated iron of unionism run wild and become anarchic, branding its victims with a vengeance. The very soul of unionism, as I had understood it, was the

holy right of a man to work. The leaders declared that they were elected to see that men had jobs. They denounced the employers who would not unionize their shops as despots who sought to deprive the workingman of his right to labor. I, who had two cards and no job, however, must not work.

Of course, I could have thrown up the bridgemen's card and working under the engineer's card, taken the job. There were two reasons why I did not do this. One was that I would have incurred the enmity of F. M. Ryan and perhaps some day a bucket of red hot rivets or a ton or so of iron would have fallen onto my head from ten stories above. Then, too, the bridgeman's card gave me employment at better wages.

The next place I secured employment was at the Illinois Steel Company's plant at South Chicago. My family was then residing at 414 South Sangamon street, Flat C-14, which apartments my wife and children are still occupying.

It was on this job that I saw again the iron hand and ruthless heel of F. M. Ryan in their unmasked nakedness. It was the strike that Ryan called on this plant in the Spring of 1907. The strike is still in progress.

There was no reason for that strike. There was no justice in the order taking the men from their jobs and the men said so then and they said so as recently as two years ago, which is the last time I had definite information from the outside world.

A word about this strike.

Lacking a grievance, Ryan created a reason for the strike. The Illinois company that year refused to sign a contract. They had refused to do so every year. They had never signed one, and the contract had been for years presented to the company merely as a matter of form.

Every union man on the job was satisfied with conditions, pay and hours. The union was satisfied, but Ryan was not. And Ryan had the authority. He declared that unless the company signed he would call a strike. The company replied by pointing to its past record for fair dealing. The shop was manned exclusively by members of the union. None other could get a job. The company had been paying wage scale and hiring only union men. "Johnny" Jones, who had the confidence of both the company and the men, was yard superintendent, and the company agreed to let his word be supreme in the hiring of men. Ryan demanded a signed contract or a strike. The company refused to sign and declared that if the union went out it would stay out. Ryan called the strike and it is in progress yet. The union will never get into that shop again.

So much for the justice and the effectiveness of Ryan's leadership. Ryan, however, is a man of iron. This made easy his rise to the berth of international president of the ironworkers, and at this writing he is out of jail on bail fighting for re-election to that office with a splendid chance of winning.

When the Illinois strike was called, many of us in Chicago were forced out of work. With Freddy Zeiss, a friend, I secured a job in Detroit with the Oscar Daniels Company. Here begins my career as a dynamiter for the international.

It will be seen from what has gone before that accident has had a great deal to do with my life. The accident of Ryan. It was a calamity. It seemed to have been foreordained, and before the storm I have bowed my head.

The calamity started when Ryan took away my engineer's card. This prevented me leaving Chicago. Had I left it is probable I should have escaped the meshes of the plot which Ryan, McNamara and the others were even

then concocting. With the engineer's job gone I fell back upon the bridgemen's job and then Ryan took that from me by calling the strike. I left for Detroit and at Detroit Hockin was waiting for me. He had, doubtless, been posted by Ryan. At any rate, he knew of my knowledge of explosives and he demanded that knowledge in the service of the union! And behind him I found Ryan the iron-handed, and McNamara and the others. And there was no escape this side of the grave.

I do not say this in extenuation. Perhaps I should have chosen the grave. But life is the last thing man quits naturally and it is the thing he will hold to at the cost of everything else. The average man, I mean. And I am only an average man, with the average man's desire for life and pleasure, for the welfare of his wife and his children, for health and work and a home. These were staked against death and I chose to live.

Unionism or a regard for unionism had but little to do with making up my mind to enter the dynamite plot. Hockin had all to do with it. It is to my shame that Hockin and Ryan and J. J. McNamara could get no other tool than me, save J. B. McNamara, to do the work in a satisfactory manner. But it is to the welfare of the country that this is the case, for had McNamara had all the men he wanted to carry out his plans of destruction there would have been more steel buildings in ruins in the United States than there are now standing.

Zeiss and I arrived in Detroit on May 13, 1907, and went to work on the Ford building the following Monday. We were both on the derricks. Harry Anderson was foreman of my gang and Zeiss was under "Big Andy" Anderson. Axel Peterson was superintendent of construction, and a man named Tripps was timekeeper.

H. S. Hockin, since convicted of conspiracy in connection with the dynamite plot at Indianapolis, Ind., was at that time secretary of Detroit Local No. 25, Bridge & Structural Iron Workers' union. On three days of each week he was acting as business agent, the local not being strong enough to support a regular business agent for the full week.

Detroit was then an open shop town and the non-union men were in the majority. Naturally Hockin was provoked at this, for Hockin was ambitious. Hockin saw in the international offices at Indianapolis a chance to shine as a national labor leader and he set out to "do something" for the union that would result in his election as an international officer.

Dynamite was to be his means and I was to be his tool.

Hockin visited where I worked every day, usually at noon. The day after I went to work, he scraped an acquaintance with me, introducing himself. After that we conversed each day. He constantly complained about the "scab jobs" in town, and painted bright hopes for the future.

Early in June one of the men on the job, I never knew his name and had never spoken to him, asked me if I was going to attend the regular meeting of the union, to be held that night. It was not my custom to go to the meetings, but because this man told me something unusual was to take place I went. I thought that this unusual event was the election of delegates to the International convention of Bridge & Structural Iron Workers. This convention was scheduled for New Orleans, but was later changed to Indianapolis. Hockin was elected as one of the delegates.

For me this was not the unusual event, however. This was the fatal night of my life—the turning point. Hockin got me.

Before the meeting ended the same man who had induced

me to attend, told me that after the regular meeting the executive board of the local would hold a meeting and that the members of the board wanted to see me.

At this meeting Hockin and two other members were present. I asked what was wanted of me. Hockin replied at length. He said the board was desirous of unionizing several Detroit jobs then operating under the open shop method. He explained at some length the operations of several "entertaining committees" he had sent out, but declared their efforts had resulted in no good to the union. I should explain here that the duty of those committees was to lure non-union men away from their jobs and brutally assault them. There was nothing said about not killing them, in fact. It was a means of coercion on the part of the union, to organize the non-union men, but it did not work well among bridgemen, who are pretty used to hard knocks. Hockin concluded his explanation with the statement that he had to do something.

This was true. He had to do something or lose his job. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction among union men over the country at conditions in Detroit at that time. This feeling had its center in Chicago, where members of the union had been taxed $1 per month for two consecutive months to aid the Detroit local in its fight against the open shop. This had led to expressions of disgust, although men in Detroit were paying fifty cents a week for this purpose. So great was the feeling that the Detroit union had threatened to issue transfer cards to all Chicago men working in Detroit, and forbid them to work there. This method of "aiding" a union man is not an unusual proceeding, of course, and when such conditions arise, news of them leak to the outside and assist in keeping level-headed men out of labor unions. This the labor leader

realizes. This Hockin had realized to such extent that he was desperate. And in that desperation lay the germ of a plot which, had it been allowed to run as far as the men at its head would have run it, would, in my opinion, have destroyed the government and created a true condition of chaos and anarchy. Nor have the unions been purged of the idea yet, although the same executives are no longer at hand to carry on the work.

I asked Hockin what there was that I could do. I was only a member of the union, you see, a man who took but little interest in its affairs, although I lived up to the rules at all times. I did not see where I could be of service to the local.

"I am told you know how to handle dynamite," replied Hockin.

This startled me. A number of explosions had occurred in various parts of the country and I had heard the union blamed for them. But I took no interest in the stories and no stock in the tales. I did not realize then that the open shop was a serious menace to unionism or, what is more important, that unionism as conducted by most leaders of the movement in the United States is today a serious menace, not only to the existing government, with its glorious and patriotic traditions, but a menace to all government and all liberty of the individual or even of the masses.

"I want you to use the dynamite which I am going to procure as I direct you to use it," said Hockin. "I'm going to show these fellows just what the union is. I want this job the Russell Wheel Foundry Company is putting up for the Detroit Gas Company, blown up."

This staggered me. I looked at the three men and even at that stage I felt that I was a cornered rat. These men had the power to take the bread and butter from the

mouths of my children and I knew it. I wondered if they would think of that. They did.

"Why did you choose me?" I asked.

"Every other Chicago man has done something for us, on the entertaining committees or in some other way," I was told. "It's up to you to do your part."

"I'll see you at the job tomorrow," said Hockin when I replied that I would think the matter over. I left the hall in a cold sweat and that night I slept little. In the morning I had come to no decision, and he who hesitates is lost.

At noon Hockin came to the job and asked me when I would do the work. He took it for granted that I would do it. I asked him what I had to expect if I got caught.

"Stand pat and keep your mouth shut," he said. "I'll get a lawyer and the money for your defense and bail, and we'll get you out of it."

"I'm afraid of a leak," I objected, seeking desperately to find a way out. But there was no way. And to convince me that there was no danger of a leak, Hockin stooped to dragging in the mire the badge of brotherhood which we both wore, and in which I have always taken too much pride to ever use in such trouble as has befallen me.

"We're both Knights of Pythias," Hockin replied, "and you ought to be willing to trust a brother. Everything will be all right. You will be well paid. There will be no risk. You get ready and I'll get the dynamite and let you know when I'm ready."

This was not dark alley plotting and there was none of the dramatic about it. That was to enter later, with the appearance of J. J. McNamara. This conversation was held on a Detroit street at the noon hour, and I flatly told Hockin that I would not do the work.

"Then I'll take away your card and have you blacklisted,"

he snarled. "I'll keep you off of every union job in the country, and I'll spread the report that you were fired from the union because you dynamited those other jobs and the union won't stand for dynamiters. Of course, they can't prove it on you, but you'll be arrested and put to all sorts of trouble and the open shop people will have nothing to do with you. And I'll brand you so no decent man will work beside you in any kind of work."

Hindsight is a splendid quality, but how fine it would be if we could reverse its action. I see now a number of things which I might have done then and escaped. But I could not see them then. I could only see my wife and children hungry and myself tramping about the country, vainly hunting work or, finding it, holding it only for a day or so, to be kicked out as a degenerated thug with the instincts of a tiger. Seeing this and only this, I yielded. But I promised myself that, the job once accomplished, I would leave Detroit, get away from Hockin and thus escape being mired with him in the pit he was digging for himself. For it was easy to see that he had become obsessed with the idea of explosion and that, should I perform the work in a manner to accomplish real damage, and escape without suspicion, he would carry into effect a program of destruction which would find an echo in every part of the country. I foresaw exactly what did happen, and I tried to escape a part in it. Why I could not will appear shortly.

A few days later Hockin told me that he had been unable to get the dynamite and said I would have to get it. I never knew, but it is easy to guess, that Hockin decided that so long as I was doing the work I might as well do all of it, and thus he would keep his hands free of stain in case I was caught.

I put him off from day to day, asking him where I was to get the dynamite. This puzzled him for awhile, but on June 22, 1907, he told me to go to the quarry in Bloomville, Ohio, where I used to work, and buy thirty-five pounds. I never knew what trouble Hockin took looking into my early life, but he knew it in detail.

I asked him how I was to transport the dynamite.

"Put it in a suit case and take it with you on a passenger train," he said.

This conversation was held on Saturday, June 22, 1907, and I left Detroit that evening, Hockin giving me $20 for expenses. I arrived in Bloomville a few hours later, and from my cousin, Philip E. Prouse, who conducted a hardware store, bought the fuse and caps. I then secured an order from Nat France, owner of the quarry for thirty-five pounds of dynamite. My uncle, William Behm, drove me to the quarry and William Carey, in charge of the magazine, delivered the dynamite to me. The use of dynamite is so common in that section that nothing is thought of its sale, although I told France I wanted it to kill fish with. I told my uncle the truth.

With the dynamite in a suit case I left Bloomville that afternoon and arrived in Detroit that evening. On Monday, June 24, 1907, I went to the job as usual, leaving the explosive in my room, which I shared with Fred Zeiss, and at noon Hockin came to me. I reported to him and tendered the balance of the expense money he had given me. He told me to keep it. In the light of later experience, this generosity on his part is inexplicable, except upon the theory that he was excited. He got it back from me over and over again.

I again told him that I had gone as far as I intended to in the matter and that he must send a man to my room

that night to get the dynamite. He said that he would see me again as I came off the job in the afternoon.

As I was leaving the work he accosted me and said:

"I want that job pulled off tonight and you've got to do it. Set some in the boiler, under the hoist and some in the air compressor. There is no watchman and you'll have no trouble. I'm janitor of the Elks' Club and they have a banquet tonight. The banquet will be over at 1 o'clock in the morning and I'll be busy then. Set the explosion between 1 and 2 o'clock. That will give me a good alibi. Your money will come in a day or two. If you are caught, stand pat."

I had no trouble in executing his orders, but as I set the explosion in the boiler I noticed a little door which led from the kitchen of a restaurant into the alley, just opposite the boiler. I was afraid that some person would come out of that door just as the explosion went off, so I rolled a garbage barrel in front of it, arranging the barrel so that the door could not be opened from the inside. Then I led the fuses to one point, each cut for thirty-five minutes, and lighted them. I then went to my room, four blocks away and was in bed when the explosion occurred.

This dynamite was 60 per cent nitro-glycerine and I had set four sticks in each charge, leaving the remainder in my room. The explosion did a great deal of damage and was in every way what Hockin termed "a good job."

I heard the fire department's apparatus answer an alarm that was turned in because of the explosion and later in the morning heard the newsboys calling their papers with the story of the explosion. I looked out at the window and saw a policeman at each corner of the block. I was certain that I had been detected and that the house was surrounded. Because of this I cut the fuse and dynamite into

small bits and flushed them down the toilet. The caps I took with me and hid in the building on which I was working.

On our way to work Zeiss and I heard talk of the explosion on all sides and he wanted to go to the place and see the wreck. I was afraid to do this. I had told him nothing of my connection with it but now said, as though joking:

"I'll tell you all about it later." He merely laughed.

During all that day I worked with a vacant mind. I could not collect my ideas and thought continually of the crime I had committed. A number of strangers were prying about the building all day and I suspected them to be detectives. I learned later that they were such. The day seemed a hundred hours long, but it ended at last, and taking the caps I had hid I threw them, one at a time, into the Detroit river. Thus all of the evidence save what they may have found at the scene of the explosion was destroyed.

I read every paper, and learned that Hockin had been arrested. He was released shortly afterward, his alibi being too strong to shake. It will be remembered that I had told my uncle, William Behm, the truth about the use to which the dynamite was to be put. I sent the newspapers to him and he destroyed them.

I now sought an opportunity to leave Detroit and thus get away from Hockin, whom I feared. Therefore, when word came that men were wanted on a rush job at Indianapolis, I persuaded Zeiss to accompany me there. The general contractor was the Central States Bridge Company and a sub-contractor was doing the iron work.

On June 27 or 28, after lunch, I was ascending the building when I heard a man on the ladder behind me ask why

I hurried so. At the eighth floor he said: "Wait a minute," and joined me. He gave me a sealed envelope and said:

"There's some money in it."

It contained $75 in bills and a note in Hockin's writing which said: "Compliments of the executive board. More to follow."

On Saturday, June 29, Hockin visited the work and asked me if I got the money. I then asked him for transfer cards for Zeiss and myself and told him we were going to Indianapolis. We got them and left that evening for Chicago. On July 1 we arrived in Indianapolis, only to be told the contractors had been changed and the job was an open shop. We met a friend of Zeiss' who took us up to the international headquarters of the Iron Workers' Union and there I again saw Ryan, now international president, and became acquainted with J. J. McNamara, then international secretary and treasurer. The offices were in the American Central Life building, rooms Nos. 422-24. On the fifth floor of the building there is a big vault which also belonged to the headquarters.

I suggested to Ryan that in as much as we had come in response to a wire from him for men it was only fair that headquarters should pay our fare to Indianapolis and back to Chicago. He became angry in an instant and pointing to a big safe he said:

"We ought to have that full of money for legitimate work let alone paying the expenses of men looking for jobs."

Zeiss and I returned to Chicago and on July 5 went to work for Charles Volkmann & Co., and during the next few months we had several jobs together. Then, in September, Zeiss had a bad fall, sustaining serious injuries. He went to a hospital and I have not seen him since.

It was not until December that I again felt the iron hand

of the union and the fine hand of Ryan and Hockin, the latter now international organizer. During that month, in the absence of an engineer, I ran a hoisting engine for two hours and was fined $25. I was foreman for Volkmann then and refused to pay the fine. In order to keep me on the job Volkmann paid it for me. Again appears an accident of fate. Had Volkmann not paid that fine I would have been expelled from the union and escaped the meshes of the union leaders so far as the dynamite plot was concerned. I was angry about the fine but there lurked in my mind the idea that if I was expelled I would certainly be done with the dynamite game. But the fine was paid and I worked on. And early in February I heard from Hockin. Truly, there was no escape for me.

It was at that time that Paddy Mackin, then business agent for the Chicago local, came to me and told me that Hockin wanted to see me and would be waiting for me that evening near my home. He and Mackin were both there. We went to a wine room, where he told me that he wanted me to dynamite a bridge in course of construction by the Wisconsin Bridge Company at Clinton, Iowa. He said that the watchman was "fixed" and that I was expected by the international executive board to put a charge of dynamite under the derrick car used in the construction of the bridge.

I told him that I was done with that sort of thing. I said that I was sorry for the Detroit crime. It bothered me and I feared arrest.

"We've got the goods on you now," he replied. "You've got to do as we say or we'll jail you. Then where will your wife and children be? You can't lay down on us now. The executive board has set aside $125 and expenses for this job and for other jobs that you're going to do.

You're going to do just exactly as we say, when we say it, and as often as we say it, or you are going to jail."

I was afraid to refuse but I told him that the money he offered was not enough and he told me that it was all I would get.

A week later he called at my house to discuss plans and was introduced to my wife as Mr. Ping. When I objected that I had no dynamite he told me to get it where I got the other.

"Get a hundred pounds," he said, "and you can use it in the other jobs you'll get. If you are arrested, stand pat and I'll protect you."

He gave me $50 for expenses and I left for Tiffin, Ohio, on February 13, 1908. I drove from there to Bloomville in a livery rig, putting the rig in the stable of Frank Rutz, and spent the night with my uncle, William Behm. My cousin, Philip E. Prouse, had sold his hardware business but I bought caps and fuse from his successor and on the afternoon of February 14 got 100 pounds of dynamite from Nat France's magazine. I arrived in Chicago on the morning of February 15. I left there at noon and arrived at Clinton between 4 and 5 o'clock. I registered at a hotel as G. Grovie, according to Hockin's instructions, and in the evening looked over the work I had to do. The next day, Sunday, I again inspected the bridge and the work, and found that I would have to pay toll on a bridge in order to get across the river to the derrick car I was expected to destroy.

On Sunday night it was biting cold. I took the dynamite and went across the river. Waiting until 1 o'clock I set a charge of fifteen sticks on each side of the hoist and twenty sticks under the car. The work was not successful from Hockin's point of view. Only one charge on the hoist

exploded. The dynamite was frozen and I had no way to thaw it before use.

I did not want to face the toll man on the bridge so soon after having crossed, so I walked four miles up the river to another bridge, crossed there, returned to Clinton, got a train at 4 o'clock and arrived in Chicago at 9 a. m., February 17. In the afternoon I returned to my job as foreman.

A week later Hockin came to my house and learning that my expenses had been $40 said he would leave that and the $125 pay with R. H. Houlihan, recently convicted for complicity in the dynamite plot at the Indianapolis trial, and at that time secretary of the bridgemen's Chicago union. On the following Tuesday I went to the union hall because it was meeting night, thus giving me an excuse.

"A friend of yours named Ping left some money for you," said Houlihan, inviting me into his private office. "Why does he owe you this?"

"I might have loaned it to him," I replied and Houlihan laughed.

"That's a good excuse," he said. There was an order prohibiting any member of the union from entering the private office, but from that day forward I was always welcome in the place. Houlihan knew then what I was doing.

Having no interest in the meeting I did not remain, but went home and gave the money to my wife.

I again began to think how I could evade Hockin and still work at my trade. Before I had reached a conclusion Volkmann got a contract at Howell, Indiana, to tear down a steel building and re-erect it at Evansville, near by. I thought then that my problem was solved. I did not believe that Hockin would locate me there. I had not yet

realized the extent of the determination of the international executive board and Ryan and McNamara to have the dynamiting done. If I had I would never have deceived myself into thinking I could work as a union man and hide anywhere in the world. I had been in Evansville only two days when Hockin hailed me from across the street.

"I never was so glad to see a man in my life as I am you," he said. He was excited and showed it. I questioned him as to the cause and he said:

"A man carrying a suit case filled with dynamite was arrested in Clinton, Iowa, the other day and we thought it was you. I must telegraph international headquarters that you are safe."

Less than a week later Hockin came there again and wanted me to leave the job and go to St. Louis to dynamite a viaduct. I told him that it was impossible for me to get away from the job as it was a rush order and I was in charge, with Volkmann depending upon me. He said that he would arrange to have me receive a telegram from Chicago saying that my aunt was sick and to have me met by a man at Union station, St. Louis, who would give me a note telling location of the work to be destroyed, and of the dynamite.

Before I got the wire I got hurt and could not walk for a day or two. The day I got the wire he telephoned to me and I told him of my accident. This time the accident worked in my favor but it was the only time. A week later he came to Evansville and told me they had got another man to blow the St. Louis work but that it had been a failure.

The end of the Evansville work was the end of my peace of mind. From that day to this the union has kept me in

mental torment. I cannot here make this part of my narrative too strong. I hope by this little book to be the means of saving others similarly placed. Hockin and the international executive board now had me bound hand and foot. I had become their slave. I gave a lot of thought to the subject. I pondered ways of escaping them. I discussed the matter with my wife. I could see no end save jail or perhaps, should I even unintentionally kill some one, a worse fate. But men with strong wills dominated me and events proved that there was to be no escape. I had to go on and on to the end, and all because I had first let Hockin threaten me into doing the Detroit work by painting a picture of want for my family, and later blackmail me into doing his bidding by threatening me with exposure and punishment for the same crime. Now it was too late to turn back, unless I could go to some one in whom I could place confidence and tell him everything. And I knew no such person. There was to be no looking back now, if Hockin insisted.

When the work at Evansville was finished I returned to Chicago and had been there but a few days when Hockin demanded that I go to Buffalo, N. Y., and destroy some girder spans in a bridge which the McClintock & Marshall Company was constructing for the Lehigh railroad.

On June 28, 1908, I left Chicago for Buffalo, taking with me what dynamite I had left. This I had buried in a vacant lot near my house. I arrived in Buffalo the following day and registered at the Arlington hotel as Charles Clark. In the evening while walking near Lafayette Park I spied Hockin talking with a policeman. A drizzle was falling but we went out to the bridge and looked it over. We did not see enough to satisfy us, though, so returned the next day. Hockin then said he wanted the bridge dyna-

mited on the following night and that he would go to Toronto and wait. We stood on a foot bridge near the railroad bridge and he pointed out just where he wanted the charge set. It was on top of a concrete pier, in the shoe at the end of two girders.

In the evening of July 1, I took the dynamite from the check room of the Union station, where I had placed it on my arrival, and hid it and my automatic pistol near a board fence some distance from the bridge. I climbed upon a box car to see if I could get onto the pier that way. The structure was for carrying trains over other tracks, of which there were many under the bridge. As I stood on the box car two men in the yards called to me. I went down and they questioned me. I was practically under arrest. I told them I was the watchman on the bridge.

"You'd better get back on the bridge, then," they said. "You're in a bad place here. A watchman was killed among these cars a day or so ago."

They went away and I got my gun and the dynamite. A switch engine left a car directly under the bridge and by this means I reached the top of the pier. I set the charge and cut the fuse to reach the ground.

In all of my crimes of this character I never failed to consider the getaway. This time I was a bit confused by the difference in time between Buffalo and Chicago. Fortunately, however, the mistake was in my favor and I only had to wait a little longer than I had reckoned on. I fired the fuse and was at the Union station when I heard the explosion. I got the train and arrived in Chicago on the evening of July 2. A few days later Hockin came to Chicago and paid me $125 and my expenses for the work.

A day or so later I went to work on the construction of the La Salle hotel, George A. Fuller Company, contractors.

Johnny Hunter was superintendent and George "Nigger" Brown foreman of the derrick gang in which I worked. I remained at peace there until October, when Hockin came and told me I must go to Holyoke, Mass., where the Shoemaker Company was erecting an over-street bridge for the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad.

"I want you to get the big guy derrick they're using, and the material," said Hockin.

By this time I had run out of excuses and had also lost hope that any excuse I could give would have effect. But as a forlorn hope I told him I had that job for all winter and did not want to quit. His answer was ready.

"I'll fix it with Hunter so you can get away for the trip and go back to work when you come home." He did this. Not a word was said when I returned to work, though if I had disappeared from the job because of illness or for some other serious and honest reason I should probably have had no job when I returned. But the job was a union one and Hockin was international organizer. That was reason enough. I don't know what Hockin told Hunter. Nothing was ever said to me about it.

I don't remember where I got the dynamite for that job. I have spent two years trying to recall its source, but to no purpose. I had it buried in the vacant lot at Van Buren and Sangamon streets, near my home, and when I dug it up and got ready for the trip I saw that it was weather-beaten and I believe now it was so old that it would not have exploded had the cap been fired. I arrived in Springfield, Mass., on October 14 and located the bridge in Holyoke that day. On the next day I took the dynamite to Holyoke and placed it, in the suit case, in the base of a column. Then I returned to Springfield after lighting the fuse. The next day I saw in a newspaper an

account of an attempt to dynamite the bridge. Watchmen whom I had seen at a fire near the derrick in which I was to have set the charge had seen the smoke from the fuse, investigated and prevented the explosion. I don't believe, though, that that dynamite would have gone off if it had been let alone for it was in bad condition.

This is not to be considered a reflection on the bravery of those watchmen who prevented the explosion of the cap. They did not know the condition and they risked their lives to undo the crime I had committed, and the dynamite might have exploded. But however it is looked at, the lives of three men were thus put in jeopardy because Hockin and the international executive board of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers sought to punish a company which preferred to deal with men direct instead of through organizations. These lives were jeopardized, too, through no fault of mine, save in the degree in which I was responsible for my own act in placing the charge. This incident taught me that however careful I might be, I could not tell when an act of mine was going to lead to murder, and this added to the burden of worry the increasing number of crimes was placing on me.

I returned to my job on the La Salle hotel and later Hockin asked me why there had been no explosion. I showed him the clipping and he said the executive board would not pay for the job, but would pay my expenses.

Shortly after this I left the La Salle job to go with Volkmann as foreman on several small jobs and in March, 1909, was at Lockport, Ill., when Hockin hunted me up.

No town was too small for him to find if I were in it. If ever a man had an evil genius, I had one in Hockin.

Before Hockin arrived, however, I had another caller on a similar errand. Jim Cooney, then business agent at

Chicago, wanted me to do some dynamiting for him. The leak of which I had spoken to Hockin in Detroit had been developed. Hockin must have talked, lodge brother though he was. I bluffed Cooney off by telling him that I could do work only for the international executive board. There was no use in denying to him that I did dynamiting for he convinced me in three words that he knew. It frightened me, but my refusal did not even annoy Cooney. He said that he would have to re-employ some safe blowers he had used before. These men, I learned, were engaged in some dynamiting in the name of unionism around Chicago, but I know nothing of them or their work.

Late in March Hockin returned to Chicago and told me to go to Boston and find Mike J. Young, business agent of the Boston local, at the Labor Temple, 386 Harrison avenue. I was to tell Young that my name was Clark and that I had been sent by Ping. He would then give me instructions.

After I had finished the work in Boston, Hockin said I was to go to New York and visit Frank C. Webb, a member of the international executive board, at his home on One Hundred and Twenty-third street near Third avenue. I was to use the same names and give the same account of myself and Webb would give me instructions concerning the dynamiting he wanted done. This was aimed at a structure in Hoboken, N. J. I told Hockin I had no dynamite and he said:

"Go to Joliet and buy it." He advanced me $50 and I bought two cases of 40 per cent dynamite of twenty-five pounds each. With this in two suit cases I left Chicago on March 26 and arrived in Boston the following day. Leaving the suit cases at the depot parcel room I hunted up Young and we rode on a street car to the Boston opera

house, then in course of construction. He told me that that was the job he wanted dynamited. Four derricks were employed on the work and after looking it over I told Young I did not believe I could do much damage. He was determined to have the explosion and told me to set the charge under a big girder over the stage. At 3 o'clock in the morning we turned in. I told Young on leaving him that I thought I could set the shot that night. He told me that he had sent $50 to Webb in New York, thinking that I would stop there first. He said that this had been done because he wanted me to be sure to visit Boston.

In view of the overwhelming evidence brought against Young and Webb, as well as the others, at the trial of the dynamite plot cases in Indianapolis recently, this fact of the money is not especially important. I insert it here, however, to show the determination of these men to destroy property and the eagerness with which they awaited my coming to do their work. It was at this juncture that the work of dynamiting surpassed in importance, as the labor leaders saw it, any other work they could do. From this time forward, as will be shown, it was the sole idea of the international executive board to destroy. Destruction was, of course, limited to non-union work, but the desire to unionize work was secondary to the desire to destroy property, and so far as I was able to judge, none of the leaders cared whether the destruction of property entailed with it the destruction of life.

McNamara and the others claimed that they were waging a war. In a sense they were. I mean that they really thought they were making real war. But it was a diseased thought in diseased brains, lacking justification and without benefit to any person in the world.

On the night of March 27 I set a suit case containing

twenty-five pounds of dynamite in a stair wall on the second floor of the opera house and cut a fuse to burn thirty-five minutes. Then I went to the depot intending to catch a train, but was delayed and missed it. I was at the depot when the explosion went off. I registered as Charles Clark at the United States hotel and the next morning went to New York and found Webb at his home. I checked the suit case with the dynamite at a railroad station at Forty-third street and Lexington avenue and Webb and I went by the Twenty-third street ferry to Jersey City. There he showed me a big bridge which the Penn Steel Company was erecting and said he wanted it destroyed. I refused to do this, for Hockin had told me the job I was after was in Hoboken. The next morning we went to Hoboken and en route there he gave me the money Young had sent.

At Hoboken I found that the work to be destroyed was an inclined viaduct for a street car company. It was being erected by McClintock & Marshall. About the work were a dozen or more of watchmen's shanties and I saw that it would be difficult to do my work undetected. Webb went so far as to point out a spot between the air compressor and boiler, saying that was where he wanted the blast placed. I told him I would have to set it where I could.

We returned to New York and after getting my suit case I bade Webb good-bye. As we were about to separate Webb urged me to remain in New York and work for the local, but Hockin's orders to me had included a declaration that I was to take work of this kind only through the international executive board. I found out later why that was.

I arrived in Hoboken at dusk and after some skirmishing got onto the bridge and determined to set the charge on a

pierhead about midway of the bridge. A column set on this pier and the steel lacings were so close together that I had to push the dynamite through one stick at a time. This required some time, during which half a dozen watchmen passed within a few feet of me. I cut fifty feet of fuse, lighted it and was at the ferry depot when the explosion took place. A policeman in the ferry house ran out when the shot came. There was considerable excitement and a report was circulated that the gas plant, which was near the viaduct, had blown up.

As yet I knew nothing of the damage I had done, but I was too nervous to stay near that ferry. A car was leaving and I got on it without knowing its destination. It landed me at Jersey City at 4 o'clock in the morning of March 31.

Herein appears a peculiar coincidence which in a measure enabled me to escape. While in New York with Webb I had bought a ticket to Chicago by the Pennsylvania road and had asked about trains which would take me by the famous Horseshoe curve in daylight. They told me that that train left Jersey City at 5 a. m. The street car I had taken blindly had enabled me to connect with the train I wanted.

Hockin was so anxious to know the result of my work that he found it impossible to wait for my arrival to get the news. Accordingly he frequently gave me orders to telegraph him results. On this occasion I was to use the name "Ping" and wire "Sold Stock Boston (with date), Hoboken, (with date)." This wire I sent from Pittsburg on the night of March 31 and the original telegram in my handwriting, was put in evidence at the Indianapolis trial, together with the testimony of the girl who took it from me.

At Mansfield, O., I left the train and went to Bloomville for a short stay, then going to Chicago, arriving there Sat-

urday, April 3, 1909. A few days later I got a telegram from Hockin at Detroit, asking me to meet him at the Michigan Central depot at Chicago the next day. He arrived with a woman whom he said was his sister. She was en route to Pasadena, Cal. He paid me for the two crimes, but deducted the $50 which Young had sent to Webb for me. I protested at this, saying that I was under the impression the money had been a present from Young. Hockin became angry and said I had no right to take money from anyone save the international, through him. Again he threatened me with exposure or blacklisting and again I knuckled to him. I feared that he had me hopelessly in his power and decided to let the money go.

During the next ten days I was idle. This gave me much time to think over what I had done, and the more I thought the more despondent I became. I talked it over with my wife and told her I would give anything for a friend in whom I could confide. I said that the strain was killing me and that sooner or later I would get caught or killed. She asked me if it was that serious and I explained the details of one or two of my crimes to her. She then told me to quit, but she could not tell me how I was to quit. If I had known anyone who would have given me protection I would have hunted him up and confessed then and there and thus stopped the whole thing and prevented the murder of those twenty men in the Los Angeles Times building. But I could do nothing, or, at any rate, I did not see then that I could do anything.

No man who ever lived wanted to reform as I wanted to. But everywhere I turned I found a union boss leering at me. By this time business agents and other labor leaders throughout the country were familiar with what was going on. I had seen proof of this in Young and Webb. I knew,

therefore, that should I refuse to do their work and try to hide I would be instantly turned over to the police. By doing this the labor leaders could have made great capital, as they would have thus been able to show their sincerity in denouncing violence. They could have convicted me as the dynamiter and the public would have praised them for succeeding where the great private detectives and the police had failed.

On April 15 I went to Evanston, Ill., to work for Volkmann, who was constructing a bridge over the sanitary drainage canal for the C. M. & St. P. railroad. In June Hockin came for me.

Had a beam fallen on him by accident I suppose I should have been morally responsible, for that was just what I was wishing would happen when I saw him. But no accident took place, and he told me he had several pieces of dynamite work for me.

I threatened and pleaded with him to let me alone. I told him I wanted no more of his work and that I would not break my contract with Volkmann. He merely laughed at me and that added to my fury.

He told me at that time of the invention by one of the union men of a clockwork device by which an explosion could be set at any hour to take place at any time within twelve hours. This, he said, gave the man ample time to get hundreds of miles away from the scene before the explosion occurred. This was the celebrated clock machine which J. B. McNamara used in destroying the Los Angeles Times building and killing twenty men working there. Both J. B. and I used these machines exclusively after their invention.

The clock used was a small Tattoo alarm, from which the alarm clapper and the silencer was removed. To the

winding key of the alarm was soldered a small L-shaped piece of brass. The clock was attached to a light board or cardboard. To this board was also affixed a dry battery. To one battery post was connected a wire to the other end of which was soldered a small piece of brass and this was also attached to the board in such a manner that when the alarm key unwound as the alarm went off, the brass soldered to the key came in contact with the brass fixed to the wire, thus making a circuit. The other post of the battery was occupied by a wire from the fulminating cap. The other cap wire was wound around the ring of the clock.

"We've also got the pure quill now," continued Hockin, "nitro-glycerine. We bought some from a well-shooter in Indianapolis and tried it and the clock out on some material stored on a siding at Steubenville, O. It worked fine. We set six explosions and five of them went off. We'll have no more smoke from fuses to attract attention now."

The hellishness of Hockin's schemes are perhaps made more apparent by a proposal he made to me with regard to the work we were on, which was unionized. We were setting the concrete piers, and Volkmann, while bidding on the steel work, had lost the job to the Wisconsin Bridge Company, a non-union outfit, whose bridge at Clinton, Ia., I had damaged in my second explosion. Hockin wanted to send out some of the "soup," as he, like a yeggman, referred to nitroglycerine, and I was to set it within the pier so that we would have a charge all ready when the steel work got far enough advanced to make it worth our while to destroy.

I promptly told him that I would go to jail right then rather than be a party to such a scheme; that the nitro was almost certain to explode as the workmen set the steel

and that thus any number of men might be killed or injured. This time I convinced him I meant business, and he dropped the subject.

We finished the job on July 15, 1909, and before we got through the Wisconsin Bridge Company moved in its tools. Among these was the derrick car which I had damaged in the Clinton, Ia., explosion. I was shown where the unexploded (frozen) dynamite was found, and told that the explosion blew the engine to pieces.

Much has been and is still being said about the efforts made by the International executive board of the bridgemen's union to stop the explosions and arrest the dynamiters of that period. It is doubtless a fact, despite all the evidence that has been brought forward, that thousands upon thousands of labor union men throughout the country still believe that the story of the dynamite plot is a fabrication from end to end. This regardless of the fact that over 40,000 letters and telegrams touching upon the plot were found in the offices of J. J. McNamara at Indianapolis. Some of these could have been "framed," it is true, but how other letters and telegrams could have been created in this manner no one has tried to explain. These have been evaded, instead by bombast, and promises of a "show-up" of the prosecutors and detectives connected with the case. The "show-up" is yet to come.

I mention these things here because at the time I was solemnly inspecting the derrick car I had damaged months before, at the command of Hockin, international organizer and member of the international executive board, I was also shown a copy of the Bridgemens' Magazine, of which J. J. McNamara was editor, offering a reward of $500 for the capture of the Clinton, Iowa, dynamiter. By such simple methods did the leaders of labor delude their fol-

lowers at that time and later. And similar methods are in use today.

If any lesson is to be learned by the Amercian people from the dynamite plot, it is that violence in labor unions must cease if the nation is to stand. Violence in such places is unAmerican; it is destructive of government and liberty and none realizes better than I to what success in our undertaking would have led. McNamara and Ryan, had they been supreme after the dynamiting would have by their violence and their greed for gold and power, dissipated the future of this country and the happiness and prosperity of its people as a hot sun dissipates a fog.

The bridge was set without difficulty. The international executive board, I learned later, wanted to destroy it, but did not dare, and it was because of this fear that Hockin wanted to get the glycerine in the piers so that we could have blown the bridge without danger of detection. J. J. McNamara and Hockin, I learned, believed that Eddie Francis, business agent of the Chicago local, was in the pay of the open shop people, and because of this were afraid to try to dynamite any job in his district.

Late in November of 1909 I was in Chicago with but little work, when Hockin paid me a visit. Nothing came of that, but on December 5 I received a telegram from him directing me to go to Indianapolis. I was now on the verge of what for the next two years was to be my sole occupation, dynamiting. I arrived in Indianapolis on the morning of December 9th and met Hockin at the Lorraine hotel.

"We're going to Muncie, Ind.," he said, "to buy 120 quarts of nitroglycerine, and we must find a place to store it. We're going to open a big campaign, and we'll blow 'em all sky high."

We arrived at Muncie at noon of December 9, and

shortly afterward made arrangements to rent for $5 per month the house at 227 Ebright street, owned by a man named Franklin. We paid the rent for three months, giving as our principals the firm of Watson & Sons, of Cleveland, and said that we wanted it for storing ornamental tile. We got half a dozen barrels, some sawdust and a piano box into the house and Hockin had a carpenter make a number of boxes to exactly fit a ten-quart nitro-glycerine can.

We put up at the Braun hotel, Hockin as Charles Miller and I as Charles Clark. When we returned to the hotel Hockin greeted a stranger and a moment later introduced me to J. B. McNamara, the man destined to become infamous as the destroyer of the building of the Los Angeles Times. He was the inventor of the infernal machines we used from that time forward.

"Do you know this man?" Hockin asked me.

"No," I said, "but I know a man in Indianapolis who looks a whole lot like him."

"Who is that?" the stranger asked.

"J. J. McNamara," I said.

"He's my brother," replied J. B.

That night J. B. told me of causing four explosions, miles apart, at practically the same minute. Naturally I was impressed with the effectiveness of the device and carefully studied the operation. That it is the most effective infernal machine ever devised, I have been told by a number of detectives and powder experts. Its greatest value to us, however, lay in the fact that it gave us ample time for getting away after the shot had been set, thus reducing our chances of capture and almost totally removing suspicion.

J. B. told me of using the machine to damage the Wisconsin Bridge Company's bridge at Green Bay, Wis.; a

Von Spreckelson job at Indianapolis, and a number of other crimes. He was proud of his work as an inventor and also as a dynamiter, and laughed at the narrow escapes he had had. He told me that while looking over a big bridge built by McClintock & Marshall at Beaver, Pa., he and Hockin had been arrested as vagrants. They had twelve quarts of nitro-glycerine hidden on the river, but nothing suspicious on their persons and they were released. Of course, it would not have done for them to set the explosion, so the project was abandoned for the time. Later Hockin used a story about this bridge, an idea of his own, as a reason for turning traitor and keeping the Erectors' Association informed of what we were doing, while continuing to act as international organizer. J. B. McNamara was registered at the hotel under the now familiar name of J. B. Brice.

The next morning we prepared the packages and the house for the reception of the nitro-glycerine and then drove six miles into the country to meet the well shooter, who was to have the nitro-glycerine on his wagon for us. We drove through De Soto, three miles from Muncie, where J. B. told me he had had at one time forty quarts of glycerine buried. I was much interested when we passed a deep hole in the ground to learn that it was all that remained of what had once been a nitro-glycerine factory. It had blown up and was then just as it had been after the explosion. I was to more fully realize the power of this stuff later when I learned that not a vestige of the infernal machine remained after our explosions. Not so much as a clock wheel or a piece of wire was ever found when the explosion had been successful.

A short distance beyond the site of the factory we met Charles Keizer, the well shooter, from whom Hockin had bought the glycerine. He was a sales agent for the Inde-

pendent Torpedo Company, of Findlay, Ohio. He had a wagon with the "soup". Hockin, after paying him, went back in his rig to Muncie, with orders to us to hurry.

I asked the well shooter a good many questions about handling the stuff. He told me that one could never tell when it was going off. He said that sometimes it would stand considerable jar, while at other times the slightest shock would set it off. He showed me that the cans have two corks each and explained that it was always safer to pull both corks at once, as the inrush of air when one cork was pulled caused a friction that had sometimes been followed by explosions. We covered the boxes with horse blankets and thus moved the stuff to the house where we locked it in the piano box and then we all returned to Indianapolis. I arrived in Chicago on December 11.

In the fall of 1909 an ironworker named Jim Hull planned with me to go into the contracting business and as a preliminary we began buying tools. Some of the tools we thus secured had been stolen and I was arrested. Hull was not suspected and I never mentioned his name, so that he escaped arrest and drifted out of my life. I was released on bond, retained Attorney Charles Erpstein, paid him $100, had my wife get $200 from Hockin and returned to work in Chicago. Later I pleaded guilty on my attorney's advice, although I was not guilty, and was given a sentence of thirty days in the Cook county jail. I served ten days and was released. I don't know now why the release was given me.

In the meantime, before the case came to trial, Hockin came to Chicago and asked me about the case. This was early in April of 1910. He said he wanted me to dynamite the Mount Vernon car shops at Mount Vernon, Ill., in course of construction by McClintock & Marshall. He said

he had explored the premises, located the watchmen and that the job would be easy. On a telegram from Hockin from Indianapolis, received at Chicago on Friday night, April 15, 1910, I went to Indianapolis, arriving there at 4 a. m. Sunday. I registered at the Lorraine hotel where Hockin had a room for me, under my true name. I met Hockin in the lobby of the hotel at 6 a. m. and we went to international headquarters and discussed the work with J. J. McNamara, and Hockin gave me $25 expense money in the presence of J. J. McNamara. We learned the routes and train connections and then I was instructed to return to Chicago and wait orders, after I had set the explosions.

J. J. had a suit case which he took from a wardrobe in his office, and this he gave to me. It contained two four-quart varnish cans filled with nitro-glycerine, two electric fulminating caps and two infernal machines. I was instructed to place one charge under a locomotive crane and another under a hoisting engine in the Mount Vernon yards.

I arrived in Mount Vernon, Ill., at 6:20 p. m., April 17, 1910. I talked with the watchman that night and gave him two cigars. The following day I watched the men at work and spent half of the night at the yards waiting for the watchman to leave the crane so that I could set the explosion. He did not leave it and I returned to my hotel. I had registered as William Clark. An opera company arrived the next day and I tried to coax the watchman to go to the show. He would not do it, but stuck right with his crane. In desperation lest I should kill him when the machine blew up and in fear of vengeance from Hockin and McNamara if I did not set the explosion, I was for some hours at a loss. Then, although I did not have actual experience with the infernal machines, I saw a possible way of doing my work and protecting the watchman too.

I set a machine in the hoist, some distance from the crane, to go off two minutes before the charge I set in the crane, which I reached while the watchman was sitting on one end of it, by boldly walking to the other end. The ruse worked perfectly. The roar of the explosion at the hoist drew the watchman in that direction at a run and before he reached the dismantled hoist the explosion in the crane let go, completely wrecking it, and turning it over onto its side.

I was at the depot when the explosions occurred and saw the brilliant flash which lit up the skies in every direction. The train was a little late, and I had to put up at the Richmond hotel, Evanston, Ind., at midnight. The next day I went to Chicago.

On the night of the explosion at Mt. Vernon, Ill., a bridge at Mount Vernon, Ind., was destroyed by an explosion. I don't know anything about that explosion yet, though Hockin, after investigating, said he thought some striking coal miners had caused it, as the railroad which owned it had been hauling non-union and boycotted coal.

If Hockin was right in his opinion of this, he cast an interesting light on labor in general. Apparently all of the explosions of the period of which I write were not due to the international executive board of the Bridge & Structural Iron Workers. In other words, labor leaders of various crafts and trades were engaged in dynamiting wherever opportunity for destruction presented itself. This indicates that union labor as conducted at that time, (and certainly not greatly improved since) has violence for its cornerstone and its keystone, its foundation and its roof. This phase of union labor is the phase which is making it harder and harder for working men to survive the struggle for a livelihood and it will continue to be so until the individual

members themselves awake to the necessity of direct control of their jobs instead of leaving this work to hired men who labor only for their personal gain in wealth and power.

A few days after I had returned to Chicago Hockin came and refused to pay me, saying I had caused an explosion at Mount Vernon, Ind., instead of at the right place. I showed him a newspaper clipping of what I had done in Illinois and he returned to investigate. Later he paid me and gave me the information above.

When he paid me he and J. B. came to my house together. J. B. then showed Hockin and me clippings from newspapers giving accounts of explosions he had caused in Salt Lake. At Salt Lake he met Jack Bright, alias J. E. Munsey, since convicted at Indianapolis of complicity in the dynamite plot. Bright was business agent of the Salt Lake local and when J. B. McNamara blew up the Utah hotel, Bright was at the Blue Ribbon cigar store, two blocks away, and was thus provided with an unshakable alibi. That explosion took place in April of 1910.

Shortly after this conversation I pleaded guilty to a charge of petty larceny in connection with the theft of the tools, although, I say again, I was an innocent purchaser of stolen property, and was given thirty days in jail. I was released on June 11, 1910. My partner in the proposed contracting business, Jim Hull, was wanted for horse stealing in Pueblo, Colo., and it was for this reason that I shielded him.

After serving ten days in jail I returned to work at Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue, Chicago, and two days later Hockin came to me and told me he had two dynamiting jobs.

I had a short bar of iron in my hand when he approached

me and now I gripped it hard. I was desperate and I decided that I would make one dash for liberty; one play that he might either take or leave.

"Hockin," I said, "I want to tell you something. You have got to leave me alone and let me work at my trade or give me a steady job at dynamiting and I'll do nothing else."

Had I known what the outcome of that declaration of independence would have been I would never have made it. But I did not know that the international executive board of my union had set its hand to the plow with no idea of turning back. I had no means of knowing that the time and attention of J. J. McNamara, international secretary and treasurer, was now so taken up with schemes of destruction that his other and necessary and useful work was practically totally neglected. So as I saw the matter then, there was nothing to do but surrender when Hockin said:

"All right. I've got work enough to keep you busy."

"It's up to you," I replied. "But I want to tell you this: Any time I'm caught, you're all caught. I will spill the story as fast as I can once I feel the irons on my wrists. I am not going to stand pat."

He only smiled as he walked away.

I think it was on June 17 that I got a telegram from Hockin at Cincinnati, calling me there. I arrived in the morning of June 18 and called for a letter at the general delivery window, which Hockin had said would be awaiting me. There was no letter. I sat in a park near the post-office until 10 a. m. when I saw J. B. and Hockin at a corner, and joined them.

We rode on a street car some distance to a park where, in the isolation this provided, Hockin outlined his plans.. We were to go to Indianapolis and get twelve quarts of

explosive and some infernal machines, after which we were to go to Cleveland and locate the Harvard street viaduct which McClintock & Marshall were erecting. From Cleveland we were to go to Detroit where the local had made up a pot of $500 which they were willing to pay for five explosions, to occur on July 4 as a celebration. Hockin gave me $25 for expenses.

En route to Indianapolis J. B. and I discussed the division of the money for the Cleveland job, and it was then that I discovered that Hockin had been stealing from me ever since I had been doing the dynamiting at his bidding. According to the figures then he owed me $525.

It appears that the international executive board had set aside $200 and expenses for each job. J. B. was getting that amount. Hockin had been drawing that amount for the crimes I had committed, but he had given me only $125 and expenses. He had also padded my expense accounts, thus increasing his stealings to a slight extent. This J. B. surmised on the train as we talked and when we reached J. J. McNamara's office we verified it by the check book stubs. J. J. McNamara said he would lay a trap to catch Hockin.

We left Indianapolis that night with the glycerine and machines and got to Cleveland about midnight. I registered as Miller, my companion as J. B. Brice. On Monday Hockin joined us and gave instructions for me to join him in Pittsburg after the Detroit explosion, using the name of J. W. McGraw. He was to use the name of Charles Laughlin. He instructed us to telephone to Pete Smith, business agent at Cleveland, when we set the Cleveland explosion, so that he could provide himself with an alibi.

We set the explosion between 9 and 10 o'clock Tuesday evening in some light material and blew it all to pieces.

As soon as the charge was set we made for the depot and when I asked J. B. about calling Smith, he refused to do so, declaring that Smith would have to look out for himself. The explosion was set for 2 a. m., and it was just that time when we entered a room in the Park hotel near the union station at Toledo.

"There's some noise in Cleveland about now," said J. B.

The next day at noon we arrived in Detroit and paid a week's rent for a room at 45 Abbot street. J. B. got a letter from J. J. McNamara which contained an express receipt. From the express office we got a package containing four infernal machines. On the wrapper was the return address, "Room 422, No. 8 East Market St., Indianapolis, Ind." That was the address of the office of J. J. McNamara.

Later in the day I saw J. B. talking with a man who had a blackened eye. He soon joined me and said:

"There's been too much talk here. We will do nothing, for if we do we'll get caught." That afternoon I returned to Indianapolis and told J. J. what J. B. had said. J. B. went home to Cincinnati.

I returned to Chicago, but before going J. J. told me in the future he would give me orders and pay me, but that Hockin would pay me for the Cleveland job. This was on June 25, 1910, and it was less than a month after that Hockin opened communication with the Erectors' Association and delivered our secrets as rapidly as he could learn them.

On June 26 at Chicago I got orders to meet Hockin at the St. Clair hotel, Toledo, where he paid me for the Cleveland explosion, and instructed me to go to the St. Charles hotel at Pittsburg, register as J. W. McGraw and make soundings about the piers of the Beaver bridge to determine whether we could put glycerine under them. There were a

number of other commissions regarding investigation to be made on structural work in progress at McKee's Rocks, Shoup's Ferry and other points near Pittsburg. Before we had concluded our investigations, J. J. called us home. Hockin had 68 quarts of nitroglycerine cached under a cooper shop at Rochester, Pa., and I took twelve quarts of this to Pete Smith at Cleveland on my way home.

The bridge at Beaver, over the Ohio river, is the longest cantilever span in the United States and one of the costliest of bridges. It was erected by McClintock & Marshall, and it plays a most important part in the dynamite plot, although no attempt was ever made by us to destroy it. But it was this bridge which figured in the story told by Hockin when he first gave the Erectors' Association information of our plans.

I do not know, but I have always believed that the telegram Hockin got at Pittsburg from J. J. McNamara, ordering us home grew out of the discovery that Hockin was stealing my money, and that what took place between Hockin and J. J. when the former arrived in Indianapolis lead to Hockin's treason.

At any rate, as was developed for the first time at the trial in Indianapolis of the conspirators in the plot, Hockin in July, or shortly after we returned home in response to J. J. McNamara's telegram, went to L. L. Jewell, a constructing engineer for McClintock & Marshall, and, under an assumed name, told him that the executive board was planning to wreck the bridge under a passenger train. He declared he could not stand for murder and subsequently kept the Erectors' Association informed of what we planned to do.

Jewell was a reluctant witness for the government. He was in Panama when he was wanted for the trial and the

aid of the war department was invoked to get him into the United States where a federal subpoena would be effective. He pointed out Hockin in the court room as the man who had told him of the bridge and other plots and said that up to that moment he had never known his true name.

My reason for believing that it was the discovery of the double cross Hockin played upon me that drove him to the other side is the fact that it was Hockin's idea and no one else's to blow that bridge while a train was on it. He even urged that I do it, although he knew that it would kill the man who fired the shot as certainly as it would kill all on the train.

The question came up when we discovered that it would be impossible for a man to get onto the bridge with the explosive. There were guards all over it. Hockin then suggested that a man could ride onto the bridge on a freight train and leap off at the pier where we wanted to set the charge. He could then flash an electric light which would be seen by a man in a boat up the river. This man could drift down under the pier and catch a handline that would be lowered from the bridge. The explosive could thus be lifted to the bridge and the charge set, after which the man on the bridge could slide down the line and so get away.

I told him that no man could jump from a moving train onto the bridge and fail to go through to the water below. It was then that Hockin suggested the blowing up of the bridge and the train. He said, however, to me that the train would not be hurt.

His idea was to have a man on the back platform of the train throw a can of glycerine onto the pier as the train rolled by. There were several obstacles which would prevent the can from going straight to the pier, thus giving the train time to move some distance before the can hit the

pier. He said the explosion would not occur until then and that the train would be well out of the way. I told him the can would explode the moment it hit the bridge and we said no more about it. That was all the conversation ever held about this method of destroying the bridge, and I doubt if Hockin ever mentioned it to J. J. McNamara. Yet he told Jewell that we were planning the destruction of the train and used that as an excuse for turning us up.

Pete Smith and a man whom he called "Nipper" Anderson were at the depot in Cleveland to take the glycerine as Hockin and I came through. Smith said he would let me cause the explosions he wanted, but for the fact that he had promised the job to some friends of his. They were to be at Akron, O., on July 4 as a celebration, and they took place with a great deal of damage.

On July 5, J. J. wired me to come to Indianapolis. There he told me to go to Greenville, N. J., where the Phoenix Bridge Company was just completing a bridge which he wanted to destroy. He wired Webb at New York to meet me and instructed me to go to Scranton and find M. J. Hannon and look over a gas holder, which was being constructed, with a view to exploding it later. I was also to stop at Pittsburg and buy a dozen clocks for new infernal machines.

I arrived in Jersey City on July 7, and met F. C. Webb, at that time an ex-member of the executive board. I had eight quarts of nitro-glycerine and two infernal machines in my suitcase. While we were standing on the street, a man spoke to Webb and they talked for a moment.

"I think that man is watching me," said Webb. "They have got me down as a bad man here, and I'm going to make 'em think I'm worse."

Webb returned to New York and the next day I set two

charges of four quarts each in the legs of columns on the storage yard side of an inclined bridge. The clocks were set to go off at 4 a. m., July 9, but one did not go until 4:35 o'clock. Several times subsequently this happened, and we never understood it. It was probably due to the clock losing time, but there was no way to prevent it. The explosion knocked down the lower two bents, totally wrecked things on that side of the bridge, and blew a piece of steel through a steel gondola car standing a hundred feet away.

Later that morning I met Webb in New York and he showed me the papers containing the story of the explosion. Then I left for Scranton, arriving there that afternoon. Without finding Hannon I located the gas holder and decided that it was too well guarded to be blown. I then went to Pittsburg, made the investigations wanted, and found the only chance for an explosion was in an overstreet incline being erected at McKee's Rocks by McClintock & Marshall. I got four quarts of glycerine from the Rochester cache and set it on a concrete pier between two girders, to go off at 2 a. m. July 15, left for Pittsburg at 11 p. m., July 14, and arrived at Indianapolis on the morning of July 15.

J. B. was in his brother's office and as I entered he said:

"I see you are wanted in Pittsburg." At the same time J. J. showed me a paper with the story of the Pittsburg explosion.

At this point the connection of the union locals on the Pacific Coast with the dynamiting plot begins. J. J. showed me a telegram from E. A. Clancy at San Francisco, which was, in effect, as follows:

"Has Jim left for the coast? If not, when will he leave?
(Signed) "EUGENE."

J. B. was going to the coast that day.

A water press copy of this telegram was introduced in evidence at the Indianapolis trial, where Clancy was convicted of complicity in the plot.

J. J. McNamara then showed me that he had nitroglycerine stored in the vault on the fifth floor of the building, and took from the supply four quarts, which he gave me with instructions to go to Omaha and blow up an addition which the Wisconsin Bridge Company was building to the powerhouse of the Omaha-Council Bluffs Street Railway Company. He urged me to hurry back to Indianapolis when the work was done, saying that he had several other jobs which needed immediate attention.

J. B. and I traveled to Chicago together, arriving there that evening. I took a suitcase containing the machines and eight quarts of glycerine for the Omaha work. J. B. had two suitcases in one of which he had a dozen infernal machines. I don't know what he had in the other, but I think it was glycerine. J. B. told me that he had orders to report to Clancy and did not know what work he would be given. He left me at Chicago to get a westbound train, and I did not see him again until after the Times explosion in Los Angeles on October 1.

I arrived in Omaha after a brief stay in Chicago, on July 19, putting up at the Union hotel as J. W. McGraw, and in the evening of July 21 placed eight quarts of glycerine in the basement of the power house at the foot of a column. I was at the depot waiting for a delayed train when the explosion took place. It broke glass near there and shook the buildings, although they were a mile from the power house. I arrived in Chicago on July 22 and in Indianapolis on July 24.

By this time J. J. McNamara had his hands full in meet-

ing the demand for dynamiting. From locals all over the country, the calls were coming, for the open shop principal was gaining right and left despite all our destruction. Some of the smaller shops became frightened and organzied their work, but it was with the big shops that we were chiefly concerned and these, fighting for the right to do business as seemed best to them, stood steady as a rock against all our assaults. It was one thing to get the little shops closed to all labor save that of our union, and quite another thing to coerce men who had the capital to build their businesses to large proportions.

It seems to me, looking backward with what I may be pardoned for saying is an experienced eye, that it is at this point that organized labor makes its tremendous mistake. Heretofore all unions have gone upon the principle that they constitute the only factor in our economic life that is to be considered, or is worthy of consideration. Labor unions may be a great power for the good of the individual workman if they are properly conducted by men who have the interest of the masses at heart and who will study to advance those interests. But in advancing the interests of the masses the fact that the employers of America constitute a large part of the so-called masses should not be forgotten. It is forgotten, and the result is, wrecked unions, or unions that are worse than useless and unions that are criminal in their conduct. None of us is fitted to speak save by experience and observation. My experience has taught me to believe that the old style union, the union with a chip on its shoulder, the union of Ryan and Gompers, has served its time and failed to serve its purpose. Such unions have been proven of no value to the members, of no value to the employers, of no value to the community. And

after all it is the community and not the laborer or the capitalist who pays the freight.

Successful governments have been founded only upon the principle of compromise. No man ever got all that he demanded, unless he demanded it while looking through the sights of a gun at an unarmed man. Then he was not allowed to keep it long.

The labor union, I believe, is properly a little governmen within the larger government of the state. Its functions, while less expansive than those of the state, are nevertheless, similar. The welfare of the union is, properly, the welfare of the state, and when there arises within the state a union which has aims and hopes in opposition to those of the state, that union is dangerous to the state, and the state in course of time must crush it in self-defense.

The union, therefore, in my opinion, should be a strong body of workers with definite aims, but their aims should be reasonable and, fairly considered, realizable. In addition to this it should be recognized that perfection is not to be obtained on earth and that therefore perhaps some of their pet theories will not work in practice. Ideas such as these will give such unions the same power of expansion as is provided by the engineer for a steel bridge. It is well known that one end of a steel bridge is always loosely laid upon the abutment pier. This is to allow for expansion and contraction of the metal. In other words, when the creator of that bridge has finished his creation he has provided his creature with the power to adapt itself to such circumstances as may affect it. Had he made his bridge hard and fast at both ends the first change in weather would have wrecked it more completely than any charge of dynamite could have done.

So far as I have been able to gather from extensive read-

ing during almost two years of confinement in the Los Angeles county jail, no man in America has recognized the truth of what I say so thoroughly, nor labored to overcome existing conditions within the unions by remedying their defects and creating virtues for them, more effectively than C. W. Post, regarded by union labor leaders throughout America as labor's worst enemy.

In the skeleton on which is hung the union which he supports are the bones of living ideas, and it is my belief that as the individual laborer, be he skilled or unskilled, continues to think over the results to labor of the dynamite plot of which I was a part, he will realize that violence not only is unpatriotic, but that it is a serious obstacle to his enjoyment of his rights under the constitution of which he is so proud.

Had J. J. McNamara, Ryan, the San Francisco crowd, Young, Webb and the others used real foresight coupled with real devotion to the cause of labor, I would never have been plunged into the whirlpool of violence which I was at this time entering. But they had not foresight and real devotion and therefore, immediately after the Omaha explosion I began a dynamiting campaign which gave me not a moment's rest until my arrest nearly a year later, save when I was sent to the woods as a sort of guardian for J. B. McNamara, whose nerves had been shaken by the hideous results of the Times explosion and who needed rest and an opportunity to hide. Thanks to Hockin he failed to lie hidden, however much his conscience let him rest.

I arrived in Indianapolis on July 24, drew my pay for the Omaha explosion and was sent by J. J. McNamara to Milwaukee, with fourteen quarts of nitro-glycerine which were taken from the vault in the American Central Life building. This was contained in an original ten-quart can

and a four-quart varnish can, rectangular in shape. The larger can I carried in a canvas telescoping case made at the order of J. J. McNamara by the Drunker Trunk Company of Cincinnati. It just fitted the can and gave the appearance of a sample case.

At Milwaukee I met William E. Redden, business agent of Local No. 8, my old local, and he gave me my instructions. It is interesting to note that Redden was another of the men convicted at the Indianapolis trial. I was expected to blow up a big coal unloader which the Heyl and Patterson Company was erecting for the Milwaukee Western Fuel Company. J. J. McNamara had told me to use six quarts of glycerine for this so before finding Redden I secured a two-quart and two four-quart varnish cans and poured them full from the larger can. This was done at the Atlas hotel on July 25, where I had registered as J. W. McGraw. It may be thought that despite what I say as to precautions taken by me to prevent loss of life in my explosions, I was taking awful chances in pouring the glycerine from one can to another in a room in a crowded hotel. I was taking awful chances, but by this time I had grown so used to handling the "soup" that danger of accidental explosion did not occur to me. Nor did an accidental explosion ever take place in glycerine in my charge. I sunk the empty can in the Milwaukee river and expressed the carrying case to J. J. McNamara.

Redden and I looked over the work but decided that it had not advanced far enough to enable me to do any material damage. I was destined to get that coal unloader later, however, and when I got it it was totally wrecked.

From Milwaukee I started for Duluth, following J. J. McNamara's instructions, but before leaving I buried six quarts of glycerine in a vacant lot near Miller's brewery.

The rest of it I took to Duluth. En route I spent half a day with my wife's brother, Herman A. Swantz, at Portage, Wis., and then continued to Duluth, arriving there on July 28 and putting up at the Spaulding hotel as J. W. McGraw. I found that the task I had been assigned by J. J. McNamara was the destruction of another coal unloader at Superior. On August 1, after spending a few days getting my bearings and visiting with another of my wife's brothers, Emil Swantz, I took the glycerine to Superior on a street car and set it in the legs of the structure over the trucks of the unloader. This was at 7 o'clock in the evening. The blast was to occur at midnight. The glycerine was divided into two portions and two infernal machines were used. In entering the yard I encountered a watchman with a dog. I hid quickly, but my heart was in my throat for fear that dog would smell me. I had by this time grown so expert in dodging watchmen that they gave me no concern unless there were so many of them there was no chance to dodge. The dog, however, paid no attention to me and I set the explosion without further incident.

I was standing in front of the Spaulding hotel with my watch in my hand when the explosion went off. I saw that awful glare and I knew that serious damage had been done. But when thirty minutes later another explosion went off I was badly frightened for fear that men who must have been about the wreckage had been injured. This was not the case I learned afterward, but it was several days before my nerves settled down again. The clock, of course, had run slow again. It developed that serious damage had resulted. The work of constructing the unloader was almost finished and my two shots had torn it pretty well to pieces.

I left Duluth on the morning of August 2, going to Winton, where I visited another brother-in-law, August Swantz, a sawyer in a mill. I took August back to Chicago with me and on August 9 went to Indianapolis, where J. J. McNamara ordered me to go to the Rochester, Pa., cache and get twenty quarts of glycerine for three explosions to be made at Kansas City, Mo. I was also instructed to get a dozen clocks at Pittsburgh, as we were again out of infernal machines. I left Indianapolis on the evening of August 11, arrived in Pittsburgh in the morning and got the clocks. On August 13 I went to Rochester and there encountered the first serious shock of my career as a dynamiter, a shock such as I was only to receive again when I was arrested. The nitro-glycerine was gone!

I did not discover this fact until I had crawled under the cooper shop where the explosive was buried. My heart thumped and a lump rose in my throat until I could hardly breathe. I expected each moment to be my last and I was certain that if I was not shot without warning, I would be arrested.

But I did not go back to J. J. McNamara empty handed. Instead I went to Detroit and dug up ten quarts buried there and arrived with it in Indianapolis on August 15.

McNamara was furious at the loss of the nitro-glycerine and accused J. B. McNamara and me of carelessness. This was a rank injustice as I had had nothing to do with making the Rochester cache, but I had my own opinion and I expressed it. I told him that I thought Hockin had either stolen the glycerine or that he had informed on us and the explosive had been removed by detectives. J. J. McNamara was somewhat impressed with this argument and said that a man who would double-cross me as Hockin had done, and double-cross the union by padding my expense

accounts for his own gain, would be the first to squeal. As I mentioned above, it developed at the Indianapolis trial that Hockin began to give away our secrets in July, about two weeks before I discovered the loss of the glycerine. Informed of the cache by Hockin, L. L. Jewell had the nitro removed.

But J. J. McNamara was little interested in how the explosive had disappeared. He had reached a stage now where he did not care for anything save an open road to destroying property and the money it cost him to do the work. He thought money and destruction all the time; his own money, or the union's which he used as his own, and the destruction of other people's property.

I waited in Indianapolis while J. J. McNamara made up the infernal machines. He gave me four of these, two more quarts of glycerine and caps for three explosions and orders to blow up a bridge McClintock and Marshall was building for the Armour Company at Kansas City and then go to Peoria, Ill., where Ed Smythe, the business agent, would tell me what to do. J. J. McNamara was going west on an electioneering trip, wishing to be re-elected to the office he held, and said he would be in Kansas City on August 23 and wanted the explosion there before he arrived.

I got to Kansas City on August 19, prospected the bridge workings and set the explosion on August 22 in daylight, with men working all about me. The clock was timed for 9:30 p. m., but it did not go off. I thought I had been discovered but went to the material pile and found the clock had gone off. Tested and found the battery was dead. The next day I got a new battery and reset the explosion for that night. It went off, doing small damage, and I got a 10 o'clock train for Peoria.

In working about the plant on the night of August 21 I set a four-quart can of glycerine and three machines in some bushes and could not find them again. It was very dark and I did not dare search for them, fearing to stumble over them in the dark and cause an explosion. They were found there about one year later.

I arrived in Peoria on the morning of August 24 and found Smythe at his home, 413 Forsythe street. He took me to East Peoria where in the yards of the Peoria and Pekin railroad McClintock and Marshall had material stored for a bridge they were to build. We then visited the foundry of Lucas and Sons, in Peoria.

"I want this damn shop laid flat on the ground," said Smythe. He also wanted a shot placed in a little crane in the yard.

I was without explosives or machines, so went to Indianapolis on August 25 and that night J. J. McNamara arrived. He cursed me for the loss, declared he could not stand the expense and that I was getting careless. Glycerine at that time cost $1.30 per quart. I had lost four quarts. I felt like offering to stand the loss myself but I did not. His principal grievance was that the lost glycerine could have been made to do $10,000 damage.

He had but four quarts left in the vault and that was not enough, so we had to locate a well shooter. I went to Albany, Ind., the next day and heard of a well shooter named M. J. Morehart at Portland. I arranged with him for the delivery of 120 quarts at Albany on Tuesday, August 30, and went back to Indianapolis and got $300 from J. J. McNamara. He told me then to find a cache near Muncie but not to rent a house as that cost money. I went to Muncie, got a wagon and team and some packing boxes, but was unable to locate a cache. Without know-

ing what I was going to do with it I drove to Albany and transferred the glycerine to my wagon and started back. I was looking for a cache, but I had determined that if I did not find one I would drive right to the American Central Life building in the heart of Indianapolis and get J. J. McNamara to help me carry the stuff to the vault on the fifth floor. And I believe that had I done so he would have thought nothing unusual had taken place.

However, as I was driving past the Indiana Wire and Iron Company works near Muncie I saw a cinder pile and in that I cached the nitro. This was at noon and had anyone cared to look out of a window of the works they could have seen me digging away in those cinders. I took twenty quarts with me direct to Indianapolis and put it in a trunk in the vault.

"I want you to bring that glycerine here at once," J. J. told me. "This is the safest place and nobody can steal it here. I would just as soon have a can or two under my desk for nobody on earth will ever think of looking for the stuff here."

The next day I made two trips to Muncie and thus brought forty quarts to the vault. I made a third trip at night and found a man walking on the road near the cinder pile. As he walked past me I stopped digging, then as he turned off toward the iron works I resumed my task, but the glycerine was gone! I was absolutely certain then that the jig was up and that it would not be many days before we were all arrested.

A curious bit of evidence which was used at the Indianapolis trial and would have been used at the trial of the McNamaras in Los Angeles had they not pleaded guilty, will be of interest here. It is the combination of the vault in which we kept the explosives, written in my memo-

randum book in J. J. McNamara's handwriting. It is as follows:

Four turns to the left to 20; three turns to the right to 40; two turns to the left to 80; right to 35.

As has been stated, it is now known that Hockin was furnishing Jewell with information as early as July 10, 1910. I concluded then that Hockin had detectives on my trail and that it was they who had taken the explosive. Events of the next few days tended to confirm this suspicion.

J. J. McNamara had told me to say nothing to Hockin about J. B.'s whereabouts. I only knew he was in the west, but when Hockin asked me a day or so later I told him I knew nothing. I am convinced that Hockin wanted the information to give to Jewell, and thus get it to the detectives, and I surmised that J. B. had escaped their shadows. In the light of present knowledge of the work of detectives at that time I am convinced that Burns was trying to get Gompers, believing him to have guilty knowledge of the plot. This belief, probably, was based upon the fact that Ryan, president of the bridgemen, was vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, of which Gompers was president. It would seem to a suspicious man that Gompers must have known of the plot.

According to Charles Catlin, turnkey at the Los Angeles county jail, Gompers wept when he saw the McNamara brothers in their cell, and begged them to "stand pat."

"I was assigned to duty inside the tank in which the McNamaras were confined," Catlin told me, "and when Samuel Gompers entered the tank, he clasped the brothers about the neck and burst into tears.

" 'For God's sake, boys,' he cried, 'stand pat or we are all

ruined,'" Catlin said Gompers said. After a slight pause he added: "But I know you are innocent."

"The trio," said Catlin, "knew that I was in the cells with them, but whether they thought I could not hear what was said I do not know. I did not hear all of their conversation."

On September 1, in daylight, I made an extensive search, tearing that cinder pile to pieces, but without finding anything. I then reported to J. J.

"That will not stop us now," he said. "Take twenty quarts to Peoria and come back."

I arrived in Peoria that evening and with Smythe's aid cached the glycerine in an orchard near the yard of the Peoria and Pekin railroad.

Smythe and I discussed labor conditions which were bad throughout the country. Three years of almost continuous dynamiting had had the effect of creating more open shops. The convention of the bridgemen at Rochester, N. Y., was approaching and Smythe said he was going to support Ryan, McNamara and Hockin for re-election. I left that same evening and arrived in Indianapolis at 3 o'clock in the morning, after asking Smythe to get half a dozen four-quart cans so I could divide my glycerine when I got back.

McNamara ordered me to take ten quarts more to Peoria and he gave me four infernal machines, with instructions to see if I could not make one machine explode more than one blast. Smythe and I experimented with this but the batteries were too weak for the work and thus McNamara's desire to save the trifling cost of the machines was frustrated. I arrived in Peoria at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of September 3, 1910, placed the glycerine with the

other cans and registered at the Metropolitan hotel as J. W. McGraw.

I went back to the orchard later in the evening and met Smythe by appointment. He was soaking wet and covered with cornsilks. He had been forced to dodge through a cornfield to avoid meeting some friends. Smythe dug up from where he had them planted, eight four-quart and four two-quart round fruit cans. These, aside from being awkward to carry, had sealed tops and I was afraid that I would catch a drop between the top and the can as I closed it and thus cause an explosion. I told Smythe the explosion would occur that night, so he went to a theater with his wife and saved the seat checks for an alibi.

I set two ten-quart cans in a pile of material in the railroad yards with the clock timed for an explosion at 10:30 p. m. While I was at this work it began to rain and I was soon soaked through. With the other ten-quart can, bare of wrappings as it came from the filling room at the factory and a two-quart round can, empty, in my hands and two infernal machines in my pockets I went to Peoria and took shelter until the rain ceased. The glycerine rode on the floor of the street car between my feet. After the storm I went to Lucas Brothers' foundry and with the cans in my hands climbed a high board fence and got into the yards. I then poured two quarts into the little can and set it with an infernal machine under the crane. The doors to the foundry were closed, but I opened them and set the remaining eight quarts of glycerine in the jaw of a big riveting machine. These clocks were also set for 10:30 p. m. and it was then 9 o'clock.

I was at my hotel when the explosions went off. Those at the Lucas foundry came close together. After an inter-

val one of the charges at the railroad yards exploded but the other did not and was found the next day. I got a train at midnight and arrived in Chicago at 5 o'clock. While my wife prepared breakfast I read the newspaper accounts of the explosion.

Three or four days after this Hockin called me on the telephone and I met him at the Federal building. There we had it out about the money he had withheld from me. He asked me what I was going to do about it and I told him there was nothing I could do. He said that his expenses had been heavy and he had needed the money himself. I reminded him that I was constantly running about the country with my hands filled with explosives and that it seemed to me he could have got his money from someone else with better grace or made his expenses lighter. I refused to drink with him and in other ways informed him that I was finished with his acquaintance.

On September 13 I went to Indianapolis at J. J. McNamara's command. The Rochester convention was approaching, and it seemed as though everybody in the union wanted an explosion to take place in his district while he was away from home and thus beyond suspicion. J. J. also complained about the loss of the ten quarts which did not explode at Peoria and said I should have retrieved it. I told him I would not have gone back for it if my life depended on it. I threatened to quit and join the Erectors' Association.

"You won't last long if you do," J. J. said, and there was a mean look in his eyes. I knew he meant business.

In making the statement I had been joking, but it set me to thinking. I was upon the point of doing it but decided against it because I feared they would think me crazy and believe none of my story save that part about

the explosions. I realized that proof of complicity on the part of the union would be difficult to get. Thus the matter rested.

On September 14, J. J. and I arrived with twenty quarts of glycerine in Cleveland. He went to the Forest City hotel, carrying the explosive, and registered as George J. Clark. The glycerine was delivered to Pete Smith and I returned to Indianapolis while J. J. went on to Rochester. He had ordered me to take ten quarts from the vault and cache it at Beach Grove, near Indianapolis, in order to have it convenient in case the executive board, at a meeting to be held at Rochester, voted to destroy the shops of the Big Four railroad being built at that place by McClintock and Marshall. I was then to go to Milwaukee and blow up the new coal unloader of the Milwaukee Western Fuel Company being built by Heyl and Patterson while William Redden and other delegates were at the convention and were thus provided with alibis. This was the job which I had looked over before and found not far enough advanced to justify an explosion. I found this still to be the case and that the work was also better guarded and lighted than it had been, and I suspected that the watchmen were looking for the dynamiter. I buried six quarts on the river near the Wisconsin Ice Company's storage houses and went to Chicago. I had seen Bill Shoup, business agent, and Jim Coughlin, assistant business agent of the Chicago local, as I passed through en route to Milwaukee, but they were not versed in dynamiting and each put it up to the other. They told me they wanted me to destroy a plant which was being erected between Pine and Gary, Ind., by the Pittsburgh Construction Company, while they were at the convention, but they would not help me locate the work. When I returned to Chicago on Septem-

ber 19, they had gone to the convention. I looked about in that section but could not locate the job, so returned to Indianapolis.

There I filled two four-quart varnish cans with glycerine from the supply in the vault and buried these near Pine, Ill., on September 21. They are there yet.

I returned to Indianapolis on September 28 and on the following day cached thirty quarts of glycerine, all that the vault contained, in a creek bottom near Beach Grove.

That night J. J. returned to Indianapolis. He had told me on leaving that if there were to be any other explosions while the convention was in session besides those at Milwaukee and Pine, he would write to me at the Indianapolis general delivery as McGraw. He now asked me why I had neglected his orders and it developed that he had sent the letter under my true name. The next day he got that letter out of the postoffice and I don't know yet what plant had been ordered damaged.

On September 29 and 30 I loafed about Indianapolis, my mind at ease. Those were the last easy moments I have experienced, for on October 1 the awfulness of it all was borne in upon me as I had never felt it before.

Having gone through four years of dynamiting without harming a single person, intentionally or unintentionally, I think it is permitted of me to say of myself that I am not and never was, blood-thirsty. By the fall of 1910 I had become well calloused to dynamiting property. Custom makes the laws by which we are governed, be they of a political, social or individual nature. It had been for almost four years customary for me to dynamite property, therefore I was reaching a point where I gave it little or no thought. Now, however, I was to realize completely for the first time, the position in which I was placed.

The morning papers of October 1 carried the news of the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building. Twenty persons were killed, caught like rats in a trap, as they were laboring as free American citizens to provide for their families. Some of them were burned to death. Others were killed instantly by the explosion; others leaped from windows and lingered for days before the tender mercy of the grave, kinder than the heart of the man who had caused their suffering, relieved their pain.

I was overwhelmed with a sense of doom and naturally I sought the mind which had mastered mine and was guiding it. I went to the office of J. J. McNamara and found him cheerfully reading the details of this horror.

"Seen the morning papers?" he asked with a smile.

"It's about as bad as it can get," I replied, soberly. "Did J. B. do that?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did," J. J. replied.

"But think of the people," I said.

"That's all right. This will make them sit up and take notice, and that's what J. B. went out to the coast to do."

For a moment there was silence between us and then he said:

"I don't know that I like this mixing in with other unions. That wild San Francisco bunch did this and it seems to me that if we take care of our own line of work we'll have our hands full. But it sure did shake things up."

I was too blue to talk further about it and J. J. began talking of work for me to do and told me that he had a letter from F. C. Webb in New York, referring to a depot which the Phoenix Bridge Co. was erecting for the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at Worcester, Mass. Webb said that Roxy Kline was superintendent of the work and that he thought J. B. or me would handle

it better. McNamara said he wanted an immediate echo in the east of the "noise in the west" and told me to take eight quarts of glycerine and get to Worcester as soon as possible. I arrived there on October 3 and set the blast on Sunday night, October 6. One was put under a derrick car and one on the end of a girder on an overhead street crossing. It went off at midnight and was highly successful.

I went to Boston, remained there a few hours and traveled through Worcester that morning to Springfield, where I had orders to look over the municipal group of buildings and report as to whether it was worth an explosion at that time. I stopped in Springfield at the Hinckley hotel as William King. That same evening I arrived in New York to find Webb, but he was out of town. The next morning I went to Pittsburgh, where I bought some more clocks and spent the night at the St. Charles hotel as J. W. McGraw. I arrived in Indianapolis on October 15.

J. J. McNamara and I again discussed the Times explosion. J. J. said he had learned that J. B. had caused the destruction and that he was 200 miles from Los Angeles when it went off.

"He hid in San Francisco two days and then got to cover elsewhere," said J. J.

On Saturday, October 16, I left Indianapolis for Lexington, Ky., where I put up at the Reed hotel as William King. On the next day, following J. J.'s orders, I went to Highbridge, Ky., to look over a bridge the American Bridge Company was building for the Queen & Crescent route, which J. J. wanted dynamited. I found no watchmen and splendid opportunity and so reported to J. J. at Indianapolis the next day. J. J. was busy with some con-

vention reports which had to be made at once and I was told to go to Chicago and wait.

A week later I arranged with Marion Sharp, 620 Exchange street, Kenosha, Wis., to go with him and several others on a hunting trip.

On November 4 J. J. McNamara came to Chicago and told me he had an explosion in sight. I told him I was going hunting on Monday and hated to give it up. He asked me many details of the trip and finally asked if the party could stand an addition of one man. Louis Zeiss, a brother of my old roommate, Fred Zeiss; Willie and Charles Lawrence and Marion Sharp were going with me and I said I supposed they would not care.

J. J. then told me that he wanted J. B. to go to the woods and hide for awhile. We did not know then that Burns was after us and never learned of it until we read it in a magazine article some time later.

"J. B. has changed so much his own sister did not know him," said J. J. "You and J. B. stay up there until the close of the hunting season no matter what the others do. J. B. calls himself Frank Sullivan, and for heaven's sake don't make a slip on his name. When you get to the woods and are settled send me a note, 'Our old friend the carpenter is looking well,' and address it to J. J. Sandusky, P. O. Box 1, Indianapolis. Then I'll know you are all right in the woods."

That night Hockin called me on the telephone and asked me if I had seen the "queer guy," meaning J. B. At that time there was some suspicion that J. B.'s mind had become unbalanced. He urged me to stand pat if I met anybody in the woods, a warning which had a great deal of significance, had I but known it, as we were followed by Burns detectives into the woods and kept under watch

during our entire stay. The detectives passed as hunters and J. B. even posed for photographs for them.

We got to Kenosha on Sunday, November 5, and before breakfast J. B. called me on the phone at Sharp's house. He was at the Eikelman hotel. Our party went down town and met him and I narrowly checked myself introducing him as Brice, by which name I almost always called him.

We had several drinks and J. B. was rapidly getting drunk.

On this statement United States Senator Kern, counsel for the defense at the Indianapolis trial, closely questioned me, thinking that I had misstated the fact or the date. I had already testified, as I wrote above, that the day was Sunday and he wanted to know how we got a drink on that day.

"The back door," I said, and a laugh went around the courtroom.

When I went with J. B. to get a hunting license for him, a most accurate description of him was taken. This made him uneasy and suspicious. He had grounds for uneasiness but not for suspicion, as a number of hunters are killed in that country every year by being mistaken for deer in the woods, and the authorities are careful in issuing licenses.

On November 7 we made camp five miles southeast of Conover, Wis. On November 9 I was hunting alone in the woods when I heard a pistol shot and the zipp of a bullet as it whistled by my ear. I mounted a stump and saw J. B. a hundred yards down a hillside. I suspected from the first that he was trying to kill me and I have never changed my mind. I went down to him and asked him what he was shooting at. He said:

"A rabbit."

The ground was covered with snow and I found no tracks. I taxed him with trying to kill me and he admitted he had shot to scare me.

We sat down on a log, silently for some time, when suddenly he burst out:

"If they ever catch me they'll take me back to Los Angeles and hang me without a trial. I never expected to kill so many people."

He said he got to San Francisco four days after leaving me at Chicago. E. A. Clancy, international first vice-president of the bridgemen's union, introduced him to M. A. Schmidt and Dave Caplin, both of whom are now fugitives from justice. Caplin is believed to be dead.

Schmidt had an infernal machine for setting houses on fire which was somewhat similar to the ones I was using. The release of the alarm shot a bolt through a small bottle contained within a can and broke it. The mixture of the liquids in bottle and can produced a flame. He said a friend of Olaf Tvietmoe had provided the chemicals. This was the first I ever heard of Tvietmoe, of San Francisco, secretary-treasurer of the State Buildings Trade Council, who was also convicted at Indianapolis on the conspiracy charge.

J. B. said the "Coast Bunch" was lavish with money and that he had been given $3000 in three months. He got it $500 at a time.

He told me of setting explosions at Seattle and Oakland as well as of the Times affair. Schmidt and Caplin helped him get the nitro-gelatine, 80 per cent strong, from the Giant Powder Works at Giant, Cal.

"Tvietmoe ordered Schmidt, Caplin and me to look over the Times," said J. B. "Schmidt picked up a woman in

San Francisco so I insisted that he stay there. I registered at two hotels. I lived at the Baltimore, on Fifth street, and made the machines at the other, the name of which I don't remember. I set twenty pounds of nitrogelatine attached to a machine in the Times building, among some ink barrels. The whole shot was in a suit case. I've seen the place where I set it called Ink Alley in the newspapers since. It was timed for 1 o'clock the next morning.

"Then I went to the home of General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Times and the leader of the open shop forces in the west, and set a similar charge under his window. Next I went to the home of F. J. Zeehandelaar, secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, the organization of the open shop people in Los Angeles, and placed another suit case ready to explode under his house.

"After setting these I caught a train for San Francisco and was 200 miles away when the explosion occurred. The Times bomb was the only one to go off.

"I remained in San Francisco four days. Caplin and I threw a suit case containing four machines into San Francisco bay as I went to Oakland to take a train east. I gave Caplin a claim check and told him to be sure and get a suit case which I had left in the ferry building check room. This contained one of Schmidt's machines, some fuse and three copies of the San Francisco Bulletin, dates of October 1, 2 and 3, containing accounts of the Times explosion. This case was to be thrown into the bay."

Caplin did not do this and some weeks later the case was opened by the parcel room attendant and the things J. B. described were found. This was the first clue Detective Burns secured connecting J. B. McNamara with

the Times explosion. It was only a few days before he had shadows on J. B.'s trail and he arrested him the moment things looked propitious. The detective work done in this case was, to my mind, the most brilliant that has ever attracted the attention of the American public.

In the detection of the man who set the Times explosion Burns was not helped by any traitorous influence. Hockin was unable to give any information as to J. B.'s movements because he did not even know where he was. It was to learn this that he questioned me in Chicago and failing there, he had no source to turn to, as J. J. McNamara, suspecting him, would of course not tell him.

J. B. said he left Oakland for Indianapolis but at Salt Lake City left the train because people were "looking at him." The result of his work at Los Angeles had shattered his nerves and when I last saw him in the Los Angeles county jail he was still nervous. At Salt Lake he was shielded for two weeks, he said, by J. E. Munsey (Jack Bright), business agent of the bridgeman's local. He let his beard grow and called himself Williams. Then he went to the home of his sister in Nebraska and remained there until J. J. sent Frank Eckoff from Indianapolis, to get him and take care of him.

Eckoff was a government witness at the Indianapolis trials and testified that J. B. begged him to go into the field with him and shoot him and tell his sister it was an accident. They arrived in Indianapolis on November 1. J. B. registered at the Plaza hotel as Frank Sullivan and then joined me in the woods. He was then a nervous wreck, almost insane and I am certain that he shot to kill me and did not care whether I returned the fire and killed him.

He was blood thirsty afterward. He asked me one day

to hold a can in my hand while he shot at it. He was a dead shot and on one occasion I saw him kill a porcupine seventy-five feet away with a pistol.

After J. B. told me the story of the Times explosion and I saw how it had affected him I could not get it off my mind, but there was nothing else to do but live on and see what would happen. I had reached a point where my emotions were dead. Nothing gave me a sensation of fear; I felt no courage. The trip to the woods might just as well have not been made for all the good it did me.

About the end of November J. B. went to Conover to buy groceries and to get our mail. Sharp, Willie Lawrence and Zeiss had returned to their homes. J. B. got a letter addressed to me on the stationery of the "Capital Construction Co.," a dummy which J. J. used, and opened it. J. J. had been ready to leave for the American Federation of Labor convention at St. Louis at the time we left for the woods and had told me he would see the Coast Bunch and let us know how things were out there. This letter said, "Met friends from the coast. Everything is quiet out there." On the strength of this encouraging news J. B. got drunk. I went to Conover the next day, Sunday, and found him surrounded by several men who were camped near us and who afterward proved to be Burns detectives. I learned later that when I left Indianapolis to go to Chicago to prepare for the hunting trip Hockin took Raymond Burns to the depot and pointed me out to him. They were camped near us and we saw them frequently. It was on this Sunday that J. B. posed for them and again on December 4. The hunting season ends December 3 and on that day I went to Chicago, J. B. staying at the camp until December 5. The day before he left he was at Sucker lake, near the camp, and posed for the picture. The name

of the lake and the action of J. B. in this matter are suggestive.

J. B. joined me at my house in Chicago on December 8 and left at noon for Indianapolis. On December 8 I went to Indianapolis on receipt of a wire from J. J. McNamara. J. B. met me at the train on the morning of December 9 and J. J. gave me instructions to go to Los Angeles and damage or destroy the Times auxiliary plant, the Llewellyn Iron Works, the Baker Iron Works, the Hall of Records and the Alexandria hotel annex. The two last named buildings were then in course of construction. I was to take twelve quarts of glycerine. He said that he had promised the "coast bunch" a Christmas present and he wanted the explosions to come off on Christmas day.

The Times auxiliary plant comprised the building and machinery which General Otis, anticipating for years some attempt to destroy his property, had held in reserve for an emergency. Despite the havoc wrought by J. B. in the Times plant the grizzled old war veteran never missed an edition of his paper, for within an hour after the explosion the auxiliary presses were grinding out an issue telling the story. This had been overlooked by the "coast bunch" and now I was to destroy it.

"Be sure and get a good mess under the Times auxiliary," said J. B., who was present as I got my instructions, "and add another dozen or so to the list."

I told them I would look into it but I made up my mind that if there was any danger of killing people there would be no explosion in the Times plant or anywhere else.

I had to go to Beach Grove to get the glycerine from the cache there and in doing this I had the closest call of my career. The ground was frozen and I had to use

the utmost caution in unearthing the explosive. Then, with a 10-quart can in one hand and a 2-quart can in the other I lost my footing and fell down an embankment six feet high. After I stopped falling I slid for some distance on the sleet covered ground. I thought when I felt myself go that it was the end of earthly things for me, but for some reason, or despite reasons, the stuff did not explode. Certainly I was not born to be blown up.

With instructions to avoid all labor leaders in Los Angeles but to see those in San Francisco after the explosion, and to write from Chicago on my return, I left Indianapolis on December 10, spent two days in Chicago and arrived in Los Angeles December 15. I put up at the Rosslyn hotel as T. F. McKee. There I had room No. 255. In the evening I cached the glycerine in the bed of the Los Angeles river.

It may be of some interest to note here that on September 11, 1911, nearly a year later, I went with Police Detectives C. H. Jones and Bruce Boyd and Burns Detective Malcolm MacLaren, to the spot where this cache had been made and proved to them that it was the spot by unearthing some cardboard and a cap which had exploded by accident, injuring my hand. Some pieces of the cap remained in the hand and were extracted by my wife when I returned to Chicago.

I arrived in Los Angeles on a Thursday. On the following Sunday I located the Times auxiliary plant. They were putting in a new press, and after studying their system of work I decided that I would not place the shot as there were people in the building at all hours, day and night. It was also well lighted and guarded and doubtless I would have been unable to plant the charge had I desired to do so.

On December 23 or 24 I took a trolley trip around the vicinity of Los Angeles and was photographed with the rest of the sightseers at San Gabriel mission. On December 24 I located the Llewellyn Iron Works and the Baker Iron Works. I saw there was no chance for an explosion at the latter place on account of lights and guards.

At the Llewellyn works I entered the building and found a night shift working. I decided that death would result from a blast placed inside the building and was upon the point of withdrawing when a watchman appeared near me. I hid beside a pile of material and he walked by me so close that I could have touched him. I then got outside, placed the glycerine against the wall of the building, set the clock for 2 a. m. Christmas day, and caught a train at 9:20 p. m. for San Francisco. I never located the hall of records or the Alexandria annex.

I registered as Ed Todd at the Argonaut hotel in San Francisco and on Tuesday, Dec. 27, met E. A. Clancy at the labor temple. I asked him if he had heard of the latest explosion in Los Angeles and, before he knew who I was, told me that he had been expecting it. We discussed the labor situation and I left San Francisco on December 28, arriving in Chicago on New Year's day. I remained there until January 15, when J. J. called me to Indianapolis and scolded because there had been but one explosion at Los Angeles and but little damage done. I told him he was lucky to have had an explosion there at all.

We had no explosives left and it was therefore now necessary to lay in a new supply. J. B. suggested that we get back to dynamite as being easier to handle and also because, having had so much glycerine stolen, the use of dynamite would suggest to whoever was watching us that

two gangs were operating. Accordingly I tried to buy some nitro gelatine from the Independent Torpedo Company at Findlay, O., but they did not make it. I then went to Bloomville, broke into the magazine at France's quarry and stole six 50-pound cases of sixty per cent dynamite, and forty loose sticks. These I stored in a building on my father's abandoned stone quarry at Tiffin, O. I then returned to Indianapolis, putting up at the Stubbins house as Ed. Todd. On Monday, January 23, J. B. and I went to the farm of Ed. Jones, near Indianapolis, introduced ourselves as J. W. McGraw and Frank Sullivan and arranged to use his barn as a storage house. We did not tell him what we wanted to store, but I have never had any doubt that he knew. We put a piano box in the barn and then went to Tiffin and transported the stolen dynamite to the farm.

On January 31 we went back to Tiffin, hired a wagon and hauled fourteen cases of dynamite from France's magazine and stored this in my father's quarry. Later we arranged with my father to use the shed in the quarry "to store some tools," I introducing J. B. as my employer. A policeman lived across the street from the shed and my father, perfectly innocent of what we were about, asked the policeman to keep an eye on the shed to see that no one stole the "tools."

On February 11 I became ill and went to Chicago, where J. B. joined me on February 19. J. J. wanted us to look over the plant of the Iroquois Iron Works in South Chicago with a view to blowing it. Ed. Francis, former business agent of the Chicago local, had offered to blow down the cupola of this plant for $500. He was suspected of being a spy for the Wisconsin Bridge Company and got no encouragement. The local referred the matter to Hock-

in, who offered to place four blasts for $300 and expenses. J. B. and I looked the place over and agreed to do the work. It was apparently the easiest job we had encountered. There were no watchmen, the lighting system was poor and we saw at once that we would have no trouble in placing the blasts wherever we wanted them.

We arrived in Indianapolis on February 20, got 80 sticks of dynamite from Jones' barn and orders from J. J. to blow the plant on Tuesday night, while all the officers of the local No. 1 at Chicago were attending the regular meeting of the union, as this wouid furnish them with an alibi.

We arrived in Chicago that evening with two suit cases filled with frozen dynamite. This we put near the furnace in the basement of my house to thaw but it did not and the following morning we put it on top of the radiator in our living room, where it set all day without thawing. While it was still on the radiator we went to the plant to get our bearings and then encountered trouble.

The place swarmed with watchmen who were wide awake and walking about the yard constantly. The yard was better lighted than it had been and there were other indications that the company had been warned of our coming and were looking for us. I refused to go into the yard.

The next day we looked it over by daylight and found many signs of watchfulness even then. We returned to my home and found the dynamite still frozen. We then decided to do the work on Thursday but on that day I got a terrific headache from handling the dynamite, in trying to thaw it, and could not go out. In the evening J. B., myself, my wife and Mrs. Sadie McGuire, wife of "South" McGuire, a bridgeman who lived near us, went to a theater. The McGuires were ignorant of the plot. I learned after-

ward that Malcom MacLaren, then a Burns detective and now chief of detectives for J. D. Fredericks, district attorney of Los Angeles county, occupied a seat just behind me, and had had us spotted for days.

In the afternoon of Friday, February 24, J. B. and I took the dynamite out to South Chicago and spent an hour trying to get into the works. We simply could not do it. I wanted to throw the dynamite away, but finally we set sixty sticks in one charge and twenty in another along the fence on the outside. We were at home when they went off. The damage was slight.

On March 1 I went to Indianapolis with J. B. on a call from J. J. and registered at the Stubbins hotel as Charles Fisher. I then got the final order to blow up the coal unloader of the Milwaukee Western Fuel Company, the work which I had twice visited on inspection trips. J. B. was to go to French Lick and blow up an addition being built for the French Lick hotel. His explosion was successful and the next day the job was unionized.

I took forty sticks of dynamite and reached Milwaukee on March 15, 1911, registering at the Atlas hotel as G. Watson. The next day I retrieved 6 quarts of glycerine I had buried near the storage houses of the Wisconsin Ice Company and that night set the shots. I put four quarts of glycerine and twenty sticks of dynamite in the legs at one end of the unloader and the rest of the explosives at the other end. I set the clocks at 7 p. m. to go off at 11 p. m. and was in Chicago an hour before the explosion, which totally wrecked the unloader with a loss of $150,000 and $10,000 damage to a vessel in the canal.

I arrived in Indianapolis on March 18 and registered at the Stubbins as Charles Miller.

"That's the kind of work to do," said J. J. gleefully as

I entered his office. "One or two more like that and we'll have them on the run."

Hockin was in the office at the time and left while J. J. and I were talking. I did not see him again until October, 1912, when he faced the bar of justice at Indianapolis.

On J. J. McNamara's orders I left that night for Omaha to blow up the court house, then being constructed by Caldwell & Drake, taking forty sticks with me. J. B. was to go to the Caldwell & Drake shops at Columbus, Ind., and blow that plant. When I was ready at Omaha I was to telegraph to J. J., "Kindly forward $100 check to Lincoln, Neb.," which would be a signal to J. B. and we would set the two explosions for the same minute. This was J. J. McNamara's idea. He leaned toward the dramatic and thought it would have a better effect to have two plants of the same concern in widely separated places destroyed at the same time.

I reached Omaha on March 21 and registered as G. Woods at the Murray hotel. On the morning of March 23 I sent the telegram. I set two shots in the basement of the court house at 8 p. m. to explode at 4 a. m. and arrived in Indianapolis at 3 a. m. March 25, registering at the Stubbins hotel as Frank Fisher.

Both explosions were successful and caused a good deal of comment in the newspapers, and activity in the Erectors' Association and among Burns detectives, but on J. J.'s order I went immediately to Boston with forty sticks, hunting for the municipal group of buildings at Springfield. I arrived at Springfield on the evening of March 30 and registered at the Henking house as William Lynch. I set the shot on the evening of April 3 in the tower, to take place at 2 a. m., April 4. I left Springfield at 8 p. m. and arrived at Utica, N. Y., at 2 a. m., registering at the

Baggs hotel as William Foster, at the very minute the explosion took place in Springfield. I arrived at Indianapolis on April 7 at 3 a. m., bringing with me 45 sticks of dynamite from the Tiffin cache. As I was putting these sticks in the vault in the American Central Life building I saw a man peering at me from behind the elevator shaft. I told J. J. of this and said I thought it was a detective. J. J. laughed and reminded me of the proverb about a guilty conscience, but I was worried.

J. J. wanted his brother and me to go to Detroit and look over a number of buildings there to see what we could do with them but my little son was sick and I went to Chicago, with an appointment to meet J. B. in Toledo on April 11. Before I left J. J. showed me a letter from Caldwell & Drake, whose work we had just "double shotted," stating that they were beginning a reinforced concrete job near Oklahoma City and that if McNamara considered that as bridge work, they would be glad to unionize the job.

"You see," he said, and smiled, "we've got the little ones and we'll get after the big ones hard." That was the last time I ever saw J. J. smile.

J. B. laid out a plan to put a bomb in Detective W. J. Burns' desk, so arranged that the opening of the desk would explode a quart or two of glycerine. I said that it could not be done, that Burns' office must be too closely guarded and that, as it would kill, I would have nothing to do with it. At that time, I believe, J. B. simply wanted to kill; it made no difference whom.

I arrived in Chicago on April 8, 1911. My boy was better. My family and Mrs. McGuire went down town that night and I bought a pair of shoes. I learned later that Detective MacLaren was in the store at the time.

In the afternoon of April 11, I left Chicago for Toledo, arriving there at 8:40 p. m. and met J. B. We registered at the Myershoff hotel, J. B. as Charles Caldwell and I as G. Foster. We had room 11, a strange string of coincidences; Room 11, April 11, 1911, the eve of our arrest. The next day we went to Detroit, arriving just before noon and registering at the Oxford hotel under the names we had used at Toledo. J. B. had in his handbag some fuse and caps and we checked our bags at the parcel room.

The hotel was being renovated and we were not assigned to rooms. J. B. and I got a drink at the hotel bar and as we returned to the lobby a theater troup was registering. We started out of the front door to walk about when a big man who proved to be Guy Biddinger, formerly sergeant of police detectives in Chicago and now chief of the criminal bureau for the W. J. Burns Detective Agency, grabbed me and turned me around quickly. I then faced a man who held a revolver at my stomach. On the street J. B. was fighting desperately with two other men who quickly subdued him. Guests in the hotel started to interfere but Biddinger, who was in charge of the detectives, and who conducted the arrest along the only lines that could have made it successful, calmed them by telling them that his men were secret service agents and that we were wanted for safe blowing. That also calmed me for I saw an alibi.

They took us direct to the Michigan Central depot, where a train was about to leave for Chicago. There J. B. yelled that he was being kidnapped and a uniformed policeman interfered. I heard the story Biddinger told him, and then I knew I had an alibi for I was buying that pair of shoes about the time he said the safe was blown. The result of the policeman's interference was that we were taken

to police headquarters where later in the day we signed extradition waivers and left that night for Chicago. I was booked at the station under my true name, J. B. as Frank Sullivan.

The men who were with Biddinger were MacLaren, Raymond Burns and Police Detective Billy Reed of Chicago.

I was put in an upper berth. J. B. sat on the lower berth after it was made up and, after questioning the detectives for some time, said:

"I know what you want. You want to take me to Los Angeles and hang me. But I'll prove that the Times building was blown up by gas."

I reached my hand down and grabbed him by the hair.

"Do you know what you're talking about," I said.

He got up and strode down the aisle.

"You're damn right I know what I'm talking about," he said. "You go to sleep."

"I got the whole federation of labor behind me," he continued, raving.

He offered $5000 to be allowed to escape, or for my escape. Five thousand at a time, he raised his offer to $30,000, but of course he made no impression. He told the detectives that if they did not get the $30,000 Clarence Darrow would. He then began to threaten the detectives with the vengeance of "the gang." It all amounted to nothing and we were taken from the train at South Chicago and by automobile to the home of Detective Billy Reed. There J. B. and I were placed, handcuffed together, in a room, with a detective. J. B. asked the latter to leave the room and let him talk to me privately. This was refused but the officer moved out of ear shot and I asked J. B. how we were going to stand on the thing. I now realized that we were up against it for fair and that it

was dynamiting and not safe blowing that we must answer for. J. B. said:

"Every man for himself."

"All right," I replied. "I'm done with you." I asked the officer to loosen me from J. B. and this was done and J. B. taken from the room.

In the afternoon Detective Burns came to the house and talked with me. He advised me as to my rights, offered to get any lawyer I wanted and told me he could make no promises of immunity and that whatever I said would be used against me.

"You can talk to me if you wish," he said, "and I'll listen. If you talk to a lawyer I'm done with you."

"I want just one promise," I said. "Will you take care of my wife and children if I make a full confession?"

He said that he would care for them as long as my wife stayed with me on the story.

"Call in your stenographer," I said and I talked from 8 o'clock in the evening until 4 in the morning. Without details of our work the confession covered thirty-six pages of typewriting and I swore to it before a notary.

In charge of Police Captain Paul Flammer and Undersheriff Robert Brain of Los Angeles, J. B. and I left Chicago for Los Angeles on April 22. On that day William J. Burns and his aide, Guy Biddinger, arrested J. J. McNamara at Indianapolis, taking him into custody as he sat in a meeting of the ironworkers' international executive board. He was placed aboard our train at Dodge City, Kas. We arrived at Pasadena, Cal., April 26, and were taken from there to Los Angeles by automobile. It was at Pasadena that I had my first experience with newspaper cameras. I had never even seen one, and there were twenty leveled at us as we got off the train.

On the morning of April 27 Attorney Job Harriman of Los Angeles, and Judge O. Hilton, of Denver, who was associated with Clarence Darrow in the Boise cases, called at the county jail to see me. I refused to talk with them. A few minutes later I was taken to see Captain J. D. Fredericks, district attorney for Los Angeles county. He advised me as to my rights and said I could have a lawyer if I wished, or talk to him, but that if I talked to a lawyer he was done with me. I told him I had confessed and could prove the truth of my confession.

He had in a room with him the suit case which J. B. had described to me as the one he had told Caplin to get from the San Francisco ferry building parcel room. He started to open it and I stopped him.

"I'll prove some of it now," I said. I then told him he would find in the suit case a Schmidt infernal machine, some fuse and three copies of the San Francisco Bulletin, dated October 1, 2 and 3, 1910. He opened the case and I was correct. He then asked me if I was a Burns detective.

During the next few weeks I furnished the information by which the evidence in the national dynamite plot was collected and which was so strong that thirty-eight labor leaders, scattered from Boston to San Francisco, were convicted of conspiracy at the Indianapolis trial. More than 500 witnesses and thousands of pieces of documentary and other physical evidence corroborated my story.

Such are the facts of the greatest plot to destroy that this country has ever seen. It has been called a "frame-up" and I have been called a lying spy and traitor. When the arrests were made labor throughout the country was told that the McNamaras were not guilty and that they were victims of a Burns conspiracy to advertise a detective agency and to destroy labor unions. On the strength of

this they collected hundreds of thousands of dollars from working men all over the country, who believed in their innocence. And then they stood in court and pleaded guilty.

Even then labor was not convinced. Some said Darrow had sold out. Darrow was tried for bribery. Some said this was a part of his agreement with the district attorney. The public is indeed hard to convince.

Upon the heels of the Darrow trial came the Indianapolis trial of fifty-two defendants, thirty-eight of whom were convicted. Then labor began to think that perhaps after all there might be something in McManigal's story. Unfortunately, complete reports of the Indianapolis trial were not published throughout the country. It is my hope that the circulation of my own story will rectify this and place before labor in every city and village of the United States, the real facts concerning this plot.

I have already expressed my sentiments regarding the work that was done. It was crime and not war, and it was useless and could have served no good purpose, had every charge we set done the work hoped for and had we been left unmolested, to carry out our work unto the end of time. Labor in the mass must realize this; must purge itself of leaders whose propaganda is of violence, and secure the services of men for leaders who will secure their ends by legislation and diplomacy and not by crime and violence.

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